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# THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

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THE European barometer had come down with a run at the beginning of this week. Depression was piling up on depression—deadlock at Geneva, Herr Rosenberg stirring up more passions in London, alarms and excursions at Danzig and in Austria, Herr von Papen glorifying war, Lord Hailsham talking of "sanctions." President Roosevelt's appeal and Herr Hitler's response to it have sent the mercury up. If words can be relied on, the speech in the Reichstag on Wednesday opens a new chapter. Germany (all Germany, for even the Socialists agree with the Nazis in this) is still determined on equality, as indeed she has the right to be; but she will wait a few more years for it. She will not re-arm, if others will disarm. She will accept the British plan as the basis of an all round settlement. This is very different language from the bombast and defiance that we have heard hitherto, and the Disarmament Conference will resume its discussions in a far more hopeful spirit. But the hope is tempered with anxiety and caution. The conciliatory words of this speech cannot immediately undo the mischief that has been done in the past two months. Nor is the speech itself a complete capitulation; Germany expects some substantial concessions in the British plan.

### Germany's Offer

The Germans fell foul of the British plan at three points. They claimed equality in respect of heavy guns and tanks; they wanted their air-force; they objected to a short service militia in place of the Reichswehr which we forced on them in 1919 and are now anxious to abolish. It was this last that produced the deadlock at Geneva. Herr Hitler now offers to give way, provided he is allowed to disband the Reichswehr by stages spread over five years. To that he adds two other conditions. Germany must not be forbidden any type of armament necessary for national defence which is permitted to other States. And at the end of five years she must be assured of the full equality of status which has been promised to her. In effect she gives us five years to prove the sincerity of our professions. That is a challenge which on the face of it is perfectly fair. Many will dislike and fear it; the Nazis have inspired an immense distrust in their neighbours. Nevertheless, it must be taken up. The alternative is more armaments, and attempts to coerce Germany, which might have a temporary success, but would lead to general disaster in the end. A "preventive" war would, in fact, postpone rather than prevent.

### Austria Infelix

The visit of the German Nazi leaders to Vienna created trouble, as was expected; but the Austrian Government

came out of it with considerable success. Elaborate precautions were taken to limit the activities of Dr. Frank, the German Minister of Justice; indeed, his treatment was such that the Germans have called it an insult to Herr Hitler and threatened reprisals for it. Angry exchanges are going on between Berlin and Vienna, and Dr. Dolfuss, far from apologising for his conduct to Dr. Frank, is demanding an explanation of broadcast speeches by that gentleman, in which he incited the Austrian police to mutiny, and talked of German intervention on behalf of the "persecuted" Austrian Nazis. Meanwhile, those poor victims are formidable enough (they have just absorbed the Austrian Pan-German party), and the day may not be far off when they will prove too much for the rival Fascists under Dr. Dolfuss. It is an ominous prospect for Austria. Nor is the trouble one which the world at large can view without grave concern. The Austrian Nazis stand for the *Anschluss*; the Government party, the Heimwehr reactionaries, and the Socialists are all against it. And behind the one side is Germany, behind the other Italy—each stiffening the contest.

### Excitement at Danzig

The Danzig disturbances last week end were happily more exciting than serious. The Nazi leaders occupied the headquarters of the Socialist Trade Unions, but under cover of legal forms, and ran up their Swastika flag. The Socialists held protest demonstrations, and called a strike, as a result of which some of the port work was stopped, and none of the newspapers appeared except the Socialist organ. The High Commissioner of the League appears to have taken it all very coolly, and on Sunday the Nazi flag was down and quiet was restored. On May 28th the elections are due, and the Nazis are confident of a big victory. What will they do with it? They do not intend violence, they say, or anything that will provoke the Poles, and we hope that, with Herr Hitler in a new mood, their promises may be relied on. So far as the future of Danzig is concerned, it must lie in re-union with Germany. The present regime is an absurdity and it will continue to be a danger. Moreover, the plea of necessity that could once be advanced for it has been weakened by the construction of the Polish port of Gdynia next door. This has not only given Poland her own outlet to the sea, but incidentally has come near to destroying the economic life of Danzig. It is obviously impossible to think of revision of this piece of the treaty makers' work to-day or to-morrow; but the time will come when it will have to be faced, and carried through.

### America and the Debts

Mr. Roosevelt's appeal, while it deals mainly with the questions of disarmament and security, emphasises again his belief in the intimate connection between the political and economic factors in the promotion of world recovery. For it is obvious that, if the World Economic Conference has to meet under the shadow of the present political *imbroglio* in Europe, there is no chance that any agreements at which it may arrive will be effective in bringing the slump to an end. But, unhappily, the United States President is not, with all his power, in a position to bring to the World Economic Conference the full contribution which his country will have to make. It has now become plain that he dare not at present either suggest to Congress a moratorium on European debts, or ask for authority to agree to a scaling down or revision of them. Yet, without this, can France be got into a mood to agree to the measures the Americans want, and can the Conference succeed at all? Opinion moves so rapidly nowadays in the United States that we have not yet given up hope that on this remaining issue Mr. Roosevelt may after all see his way to take some action before the Conference begins. For France has denied that she is prepared to pay up her arrears of last December, and we can hardly be expected to go on paying. Unless the debt question is tackled promptly it may yet wreck the hope of international action in the economic field.

### Germany's Creditors

The German request for a meeting to consider the future of Germany's foreign debts is discussed this week on our City page. In face of the recent sharp fall in German exports and the depletion of the Reichsbank's reserves of foreign exchange, it has been for some time evident that Germany could not much longer keep up her payments. Although the withdrawal of foreign capital from Germany is strictly regulated under the Standstill Agreements, and nationals are not allowed to take money out of the country—although Reparations have ceased to be paid and German imports have been cut to the bone—the heavy imports of capital between 1924 and 1929 impose on the exchanges a strain which they are no longer able to meet. Germany is therefore bound to ask for a remission or a moratorium at least; and the only result of refusing this would be to drive her to sheer default. But if the Germans expect generous treatment by their commercial and financial creditors, they must expect those creditors, whose representatives meet in Berlin on May 26th, to ask them to help in restoring rather than destroying confidence in the possibilities of economic recovery. On financial as well as on military grounds Germany cannot afford to alienate the good opinion of the world, or to face a boycott of her goods on top of all the other forces which are already narrowing the market for her exports.

### Affairs in the Far East

The Japanese are nearer to Peking, and we have daily rumours of panics, street-barricades, riots and plots, in the threatened city. The resistance put up by the Chinese troops appears to be feeble, and Europeans and Americans are being evacuated from danger spots such as Tangchow and Tangshan in the neighbourhood of the capital. The Japanese continue their parrot-cry that these operations south of the Jehol frontier are forced upon them by the "provocative attitude" of the Chinese—in fact, "cet animal est méchant; il se defend quand on l'attaque!" The Western abettors of Japan nod a sympathetic assent to this effrontery; and some still persist in believing that no one in Tokio ever had any designs beyond the Great Wall. Rude shocks, we fear, will presently be given to this complacency. Meanwhile, the affair of the Chinese Railway remains unsettled. Mr. Litvinov has retorted to China's protests that the Soviet Government is justified in selling its share, since its Chinese partner has ceased to function, and Manchukuo (or in plain words Japan) is in control. That, of course, is true, and, however doubtful Russia's action may be in law or morals, her

retirement is in fact Hobson's choice. The Japanese are to all intents and purposes masters of the C.E.R.; and Russia is in no mood, and in no case, to go to war over it. Whether she will succeed in getting any compensation remains to be seen.

### Helping in Another Little War

Some six weeks ago the League Council finally decided that Peruvian forces were illegally occupying Colombian territory at Leticia and requested the Peruvian Government to withdraw. Peru, following Japan's example, walked out of the Council, and there has been another little war in these regions ever since. At the end of April the Peruvian Government sent a cruiser and two submarines as a reinforcement to its forces at Leticia, and it chose to send them by way of the Panama Canal. The League Council, acting as an Advisory Committee to see that League members carried out its pacific recommendations, was informed by the Colombian Government of the movements of the Peruvian warships, and decided on May 6th (with the rather reluctant agreement of the British representative) that no facilities must be given to these warships. When they actually arrived in Trinidad on May 11th, five days after the Council's decision, they received from the British authorities at Trinidad all the facilities they wanted. Various excuses have been advanced by the British Government, but no very strenuous attempt has been made to hide the real reason, that the British Government did not want to damage our business interests in Peru. The incident beautifully illustrates the kind of dishonest muddle we are in. At Geneva our Government publicly co-operates in action to prevent war, and then for private reasons disregards its pledges and effectively co-operates with the Power it has just agreed to call the aggressor.

### Slum Clearance

The two Archbishops issued this week a national appeal to the Church of England to give vigorous help in making the Government's scheme for slum clearance a success. They point out that the responsibility for making the scheme work depends on the local authorities, and that it cannot be expected to work unless strong pressure is exerted locally by public opinion. Now we have been strongly critical of the Government's housing policy in stopping payment of subsidies under the Act of 1924; and we have expressed grave doubts whether its expressed intention of concentrating activity on slum-clearance would in fact lead to any considerable results. We retain these doubts; but we agree with the Archbishops that every possible effort must be put forth to make the most of this one remaining constructive feature in our national housing programme. That the local authorities will in fact clear slums faster than new ones are erected is not at all certain, and that any scheme of slum-clearance they will or can carry out under present conditions should solve the housing problem, is quite beyond possibility. But by all means let us make the best of what opportunities for constructive spending the Government has been compelled to leave open.

### Taxing the Co-ops

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has failed to reach an agreed settlement with the Co-operative movement; but he is determined to tax it none the less. The actual sum involved is certainly small in relation to the total turnover of the Co-operative Societies, since the decision that dividends could not be taxed removed the possibility of any large impost. But Co-operators are resisting the attempt to impose any additional taxation upon them, both on grounds of justice and because they fear that the new tax may be only the forerunner of further impositions. There is, indeed, no reasonable case for taxing sums placed to reserve by the Societies that does not also apply to dividends; and, while it has been agreed for the present that dividends shall be exempt, it does not follow that this illogical distinction will continue to be respected in future years. Undoubtedly Mr. Chamberlain's persistence will do much to strengthen Co-operative feeling against the Government, especially as the whole movement believes that the Prime Minister in 1931 gave a definite pledge that the taxation now to be levied upon them would not be imposed.

### Too Much Milk?

We hope in the near future to discuss the crisis in the milk trade. There is serious "over-production", in the sense not that more milk is being produced or imported than the population of this country could profitably consume, but that prices of milk and milk products are being driven down sharply by the excess of supplies over what people can afford to buy at a price satisfactory to the producers. Consequently there is an urgent demand for further measures to shut out foreign imports, and even imports from the Dominions, in order that a larger part of the home supply may be successfully diverted from the liquid milk market into factory use. Because of unemployment and under-employment the consumption of liquid milk is far less than it ought to be if the growing generation is to be brought up under reasonably healthy conditions. The producers can fairly complain that prices are too low to be profitable, and that no marketing scheme will much improve matters while effective demand stays at its present level. But is not the remedy to raise demand by making milk available, above all, to the children of the unemployed, and of the employed whose incomes are at present too low for them to buy it?

### An Incident

On Monday last the Home Secretary explained that except in the case of "aliens whose political creed includes the overthrow by violence of constitutional government in the United Kingdom, it is not the practice to inquire to what political party foreign visitors belong, or to ask them to give any undertaking as to political propaganda." On the very day of this assurance Dr. Breitscheid, the highly respectable and very constitutional leader of the German Social Democrats, landed at Dover and was subjected to a lengthy interrogation about his politics and intentions. When he explained his position he was asked whether the Social Democratic Party was a conservative or radical party! One does not know what most to wonder at in this incident—the policy which freely admits Herr Rosenberg to this country while it boggles at accepting Dr. Breitscheid, the ignorance of the Home Secretary about the activities of his own department, or the system of administration which allots the task of asking such political questions to officials who lack the necessary equipment to understand the answers.

# ROOSEVELT AND HITLER

EVERYWHERE flamboyant speeches and headlines have been comparing this week's crisis with August, 1914. Actually, with Germany deprived of tanks and big guns and surrounded by highly armed nations, there has been no imminent danger of war. Superficially, and only superficially, the situation is much more like the Agadir crisis of 1911, when the Kaiser's bluff was called by Mr. Lloyd George. Germany withdrew from Morocco with her claims unsatisfied and unconsidered, and Europe settled down to the business of arming for the war that came three years later. To-day Hitler, offered a dignified way out by President Roosevelt's speech, and made aware by Lord Hailsham's threat and by the reception given to Herr Rosenberg of the strong feeling alive in this country, has cooed as mildly as any Nazi sucking-dove could be expected to coo. The parallel with 1911 is, therefore, sufficiently close to make us ask whether 1933 is to be followed by its 1936, just as 1911 was followed by 1914.

Now the answer depends on us as well as on Germany. In the first place, it would be childish to take Hitler's " moderation " at its face value. Herr von Papen's speech frightened everyone who realised that if Germans are to be told that it is disgraceful to die in their beds most of us are likely to die violently with them. Hitler's speech is designed to lull these fears. But every realist knows that Papen's speech more nearly represents the accepted Nazi policy, which is not to make war to-day when Germany is hopelessly weak, but to rearm and fight at the first appropriate moment. Words will not be enough to convince us that the leopard has changed his spots. Hitler announces that he intends to disband his auxiliaries—his Black and Tans—but what comfort is there in this, if these same auxiliaries, who are, after all, only Nazis under another name, continue to beat up and hound down everyone in Germany who has ever stood for internationalism or peace? Again, Hitler's policy at Geneva has so far been clearly designed to defeat the hopes of disarmament. He will have to change his tactics very thoroughly before anyone believes that his sudden acceptance of the MacDonald disarmament plan is anything but an effort to throw the blame for failure upon the other Powers. If Hitler's acts do not show the willingness to co-operate that his speech promises, then the Powers at Geneva will have no alternative but to consider what League pressure is most appropriate to convince the German people that illegal rearming will not pay them.

Now to say this is not to deny the strength of Germany's moral case against the Allies. It is only to say that we should not let our consciences make fools of us. Mr. Lloyd George is quite right in emphasising the real grievances of Germany. No doubt he has a conscience about the Polish Corridor which he was so largely responsible for creating. Sooner or later we must consider the question of revision, and if Germany were cured of its Nordic mania, it might fairly advance a claim to a place among the Mandatory Powers in Africa. When Hitler points to the refusal of other nations to carry out their promise to disarm, we have no answer except that our sins must not be used as an excuse for war. If Germany will let us, we can to-day get down to the question of disarmament in a more realistic spirit. President Roosevelt's intervention makes success more possible. He has shown that the present Government of the United States cherishes no delusion that it can keep out of world entanglements, and we may read at least a hint in his speech that the United States may show a new willingness to follow the path suggested by Mr. Stimson and to help in the job of putting teeth into the League. For it must now be clear to everyone that unless the League is simply to fizzle out as a tragic farce two things are necessary. Disarmament must be all-round disarmament, and it must be enforced by a full inspection of the arms of every country. Certainly the French and the Poles will not believe in Germany's continued disarmament unless the inspection of her arms, long since abandoned, is revived, and equally clearly Hitler is entitled to demand, as a condition for permitting its resumption, that such inspection should be applied with equal rigour to the other Powers. Secondly, we need not waste any further time at Geneva unless we are willing to consider in quite a new way the problem of pooled security. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt is aware of the absurdity of a League which discusses disarmament and which, in spite of its signed obligations, permits any Power that feels inclined to make war to do so with impunity. At the present moment there is one war in the Far East and three wars in South America all progressing as merrily as if the League did not exist. Possibly the League Powers now realise how much their refusal to check Japanese aggression has encouraged a similar lawlessness in Germany; possibly they will now consider taking action to prevent aggression as well as to define it; possibly, with the prospect of more explicit co-operation from the United States, they will even consider ideas hitherto thought Utopian and agree to internationalise civil aviation and abolish military aviation—unless indeed they are prepared to hand over the military aeroplanes as a basis for a League force.

We suggest, therefore, that there is no immediate danger of war, and that the threat of German rearmament might even have the effect of turning the Disarmament Conference and the League from farces into realities. To suggest that this is even possible is to show how very superficial the resemblance between the pre-war and the present situation is. The difference is not merely that a League exists to-day and that America is playing an active part in European affairs. The root of the matter lies in the complete change in the economic relations of the Powers. Why, for instance, does the *Daily Express* combine a policy of scare-headlines about war with a declaration that no British citizen should cross the Channel to fight on foreign soil? Why should our most bellicose newspaper suddenly develop such a surprising pacifism? Not only because its readers are too near to the last war to relish the thought of another. The reason for such an attitude lies deeper. The conflict of rival imperialisms that existed between England and Germany before the war no longer exists, and hence we do not hear anyone say that war between England and Germany is " sooner or later inevitable." Thus the *Daily Express* to-day shows every sign of being ready to favour Nazi rule as soon as public opinion will stand it. To-day the school of Conservative doctrine represented by the *Daily Express* fears not Fascist Germany, but Russian Communism—though in the present condition of Russia, its malice seems somewhat gratuitous. It aims, too, at building up a

British imperialism strong enough to outdo any capitalist rival. In this policy of ridicule of the League and of all internationalism, of hatred of Russia and of blatant imperialism, there is indeed a danger to world peace. It favours Japanese aggression not only as a bulwark against Russia, but as an ally in the struggle which would necessarily follow with the United States if the closed Empire it advocates ever became a reality. It is to this dangerous school of thought that Herr Rosenberg appeals when he puts forward his happy idea of solving the Corridor problem by persuading the Poles to give it up in exchange for the Russian Ukraine—which they, simple souls, would presumably have to fight for. It is to this sentiment that Hitler looks for support when he declares that he stands not for aggression in Europe but for hostility to Communism. Let us not then be deluded into thinking that pro-Hitlerism has anything to do with pacifism. Fortunately the President of the United States, whose attitude at the moment could so easily encourage this form of British imperialism, shows signs, on the contrary, of a genuine and intelligent internationalism. His speech suggests that he is not only aware of the danger of German militarism, but that he realises that if war and economic disaster are to be averted, no nation must be excluded (he fluttered some dovecotes by including Russia) from the economic and political programme he outlined. It is at present no more than an outline, and Roosevelt's strength in his country and in Europe are still unproved. He stands in Europe to-day in a position comparable only to that of President Wilson in 1918. We may hope that he will meet statesmanship over here which has learnt something since Versailles, and which will prove less anxious to defeat and bedevil his sane aspirations.

## MR. RUNCIMAN AND HIS CRITICS

MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN has come under the severe displeasure of the extreme Protectionists because of his trade agreements with Germany, Denmark, the Argentine, and other countries. He seems to have pleased most of the Free Traders no better than their hereditary foes. While the Protectionists are abusing him for mitigating the severity of the British tariff in exchange for concessions from other countries, the Free Traders are angry because his new agreements embody the principle of quantitative restriction on imports. This, in the eyes of some Free Traders, seems to be even more than a tariff the accursed thing. It must be agreed that, on the record of the past few years, quota arrangements have been even more efficacious than high tariffs in excluding unwanted imports from countries anxious to redress, by any and every means, an unfavourable balance of payments.

But it is not good policy at the moment to pursue Mr. Runciman with loud and angry cries. He does seem to be attempting, though only in a small way, to act upon the principle—by which the British tariff was supported when it was first introduced—of using protection as a means of securing import concessions from other countries, and to be prepared to make concessions when he can secure satisfactory concessions in return. We regard this policy of "bargaining tariffs" with suspicion; the bargaining is apt to end in higher retaliatory duties rather than in a mutual lowering of the barriers in the way of trade. But when a tariff is in existence it is surely better that it should be used as a basis for bargaining, and a readiness shown to lower it where reciprocal advantages can be gained, than that it should be treated as an irreducible minimum, which must be maintained however much it may stand in the way of an expansion of British exports.

Mr. Runciman's policy is greatly to be preferred to that of the Birmingham Members of Parliament who have been his principal Conservative critics during the past few weeks. These extreme Protectionists are far more concerned in securing the monopoly of the home market for certain British manufacturing industries than in opening up avenues for the increase of British exports. They regard the tariff that is now in force as regrettably low, and no more than a modest beginning of the construction of a thoroughly protective system. They are quite unwilling to agree to any use of the tariff as it stands for bargaining purposes, and they are even up in arms against the purely temporary tariff truce which has been accepted up to the meeting of the World Economic Conference. They appear to have the weighty, if not august, support of the Federation of British Industries behind their protest. They are especially angry with Mr. Runciman because he sets store by agreements likely to widen the market for British coal abroad, at the cost of making it not quite impossible for certain types of light manufactured goods to come into this country from Germany.

This attitude logically involves the autarchist position. We cannot expect countries such as Germany to buy our coal unless we are prepared to take payment in the form of German exports; and the goods which Germany has to export are for the most part just those which our present tariff is most effective in shutting out. We can doubtless, at a price, produce at home almost everything that Germany is in a position to send us; but if we do set out to exclude all German exports, or nearly all, how do we expect the Germans to buy our coal, or to meet the claim for repayment of the money we have lent her in the past? If our policy is to be the extreme Birmingham form of protectionism, we may as well shut down at once a considerable section of our coal-mining industry, which relies on foreign markets. A creditor country which builds up high tariffs against the products of its debtors cannot expect to be paid its debts, much less to expand its exports—as we ourselves are constantly pointing out to the American people.

Further, it is a good thing that Mr. Runciman has come to terms with Denmark and to some extent with the Argentine. Both these countries are bound to us by commercial and financial ties so close that they have sometimes been described as virtually parts of the British Empire; and, while this description is misleading, it is certain that, if we adopted a policy of excluding their goods, there is no other possible market to which they could have recourse with any hope of disposing of most of their available surpluses of exportable goods. Danish bacon must be sold mainly in the British market, or not at all; and the same is true, in almost the same degree, of Argentine beef, and even to a large extent of Argentine wheat. Doubtless some Imperialists would like to see these two countries ruined, and our investments in the Argentine lost, in furtherance of the idea of imperial self-sufficiency; but to ruin two leading exporting countries, which have built up their productive systems largely for the service of the British markets, would be a policy of singularly evil augury for the success of the World Economic Conference.

With this view even strict Free Traders will agree. But they will go on to blame Mr. Runciman for following up the agreements reached after the Ottawa Conference last year by further quantitative regulation of imports. This raises a large and difficult issue. The policy of the present Government in dealing with agriculture is declaredly that of assuming in the first place an adequate market for the home producers, and filling up the balance of the consumers' needs from abroad, mainly on a basis of second preference for Empire supplies. Admittedly, in the present chaotic condition of world trade and currency, the effect of any moderate tariff on the volume of imports is exceedingly difficult to anticipate; and a policy of regulating imports under a quota system has therefore the advantage of far greater certainty concerning its probable effects. On this ground Major Elliot has defended it against the extreme tariffists as preferable to a system of import duties; and it is also, in our view, more compatible with

measures of public control designed to prevent the raising of prices at the consumers' expense. Undoubtedly, it fits in far better with organised marketing arrangements for the home supply, and is far more compatible with the gradual development of some form of socialised control and planning than a tariff system. That, no doubt, is why the extreme Protectionists and the extreme individualist Free Traders are so ready to join forces in denouncing it; for they both dislike any approach to the policy of collective industrial control.

Now, in practice, the declared policy of giving the home producers the first chance, and the Empire producers the second, and then leaving the foreigner any scraps of the British market that may remain, cannot be carried into effect, because, as we have seen, its adoption would irretrievably ruin both Denmark and the Argentine, and have the most disastrous repercussions on British exports. Consequently, the British market is in fact being shared, after the home producer has been given his assured place, between Empire and foreign supplies; and reciprocal concessions for British goods are being sought in the Danish and Argentine markets. It can be argued that the present policy, as a whole, is unduly restrictive of imports, and that too high a price is being paid for the encouragement of British agriculture. But in fact the restriction has not so far been pushed to the lengths we feared when the policy was first introduced; and thanks to the pressure exerted by the Dominions, and the recognised need of making substantial concessions to Denmark and the Argentine, agricultural protectionism remains within limits not disastrous to the domestic consumer. It is indeed very necessary to keep a close watch on the situation, in order to avoid the further contraction of the permitted quotas of imports under pressure from the farming interest; but this end is likely to be much better served if Mr. Runciman stays at the Board of Trade than if he is allowed to be supplanted by some thorough-going Protectionist of the Birmingham school. In fact the quota system, which is undoubtedly capable of grave abuse, is in our view definitely preferable to the tariff system for the regulation of agricultural imports. Needless to say, we are not here referring to the so-called "wheat quota"—which is not really a quota at all, but a sheer subsidy to the wheat-growers—but to the quantitative regulation of imports which is now being applied in the case of chilled and frozen meat, bacon, and certain other imported foodstuffs. It seems to us unlikely that a Socialist Government, if it came back to power, would in present circumstances be prepared to revert to complete free trade in the case of these agricultural products; and we are convinced that quantitative regulation, on a basis of agreement with the chief exporting countries both within and outside the Empire, affords a far better basis for the working out of a reasonable accommodation between the claims of producers and consumers than any possible system of import duties. Mr. Runciman's trade agreements, both in the concessions secured for British exporters and in their mitigation of the severities of the British restrictions on imports, are doubtless rather small beer; but, for what they are worth, they seem to us to make, however timidly and hesitantly, in the right direction.

# A LONDON DIARY

OF all the factors making for the destruction of our civilisation none seems to me so dangerous in the long run as the capacity of a modern Government to impose upon the mass of its citizens a single and therefore necessarily a misleading picture of the political world. Our large-scale capitalist press is menacing enough, but its power is limited by the facts that the press lords do not always agree, that we have independent papers of all sorts and a B.B.C. which gives a large variety of opinion. But where, as in Germany and in Russia to-day, most people only dare to discuss public affairs in whispers, and the press and the wireless are used for a simple propagandist object, the ease with which a Government can create hysteria and foster delusion is really terrifying. Educated Germans have long been complaining that the only way in which they could tell what was happening in their own country, let alone abroad, was by reading the foreign press—which explains, no doubt, why the most outspoken foreign papers are banned by the Nazis. I see the German people are now being told that Herr Rosenberg's visit to England was an immense success. Apparently he had a great reception here. With the exception of a few disgruntled Jews and Socialists, we all fell on his neck and kissed the Swastika. Patriotic Germans in England are becoming increasingly anxious about the intellectual isolation of their country. Can nothing be done, they ask, to let their friends know that they are living in the most dangerous of Cloud-cuckoolands? One practical suggestion is that the B.B.C. should arrange for frank talks in the German language by well-known persons on the European situation. A few Germans at least might then pick up the truth about British opinion.

* * *

In any sane world every national broadcasting system would allow frequent talks on foreign affairs by foreigners of various opinions. I wish more attention had been paid at Geneva to this problem of propaganda and broadcasting. It is a more powerful weapon in modern warfare than the tank or the machine gun. One excellent idea, privately advanced but never put forward at the Disarmament Conference, was that each Government should pledge itself to permit a national wireless talk to be broadcast on behalf of an international Committee on every occasion judged by the League to be dangerous to peace. The Governments would, of course, be in a position to attack the broadcasts after they were delivered, but, if carried out, the idea would at least ensure that the public in each country concerned would have at least one chance of learning, before opinion was fully formed and it was too late, how the situation appeared to an outside authority. Of course such a convention could be broken, and no doubt would be broken, by any Government which was really out to run amok. But a Government which had signed such a convention and then refused to allow anything but its own propaganda on its wireless would be giving both its own citizens and those of other countries a pretty fair indication that it feared discussion and was determined on mischief.

* * *

Could anything be more apt to-day than this from a letter written by D. H. Lawrence to Lady Cynthia Asquith on November 2nd, 915?

> Besides, Germany, Prussia, is not evil through and through. Her mood is now *evil*. But we reap what we have sowed. It is as with a child: if with a sullen, evil soul one provokes an evil mood in the child, there is destruction. But no child is all evil. And Germany is the child of Europe; and senile Europe, with her conventions and arbitrary rules of conduct and life and very being, has provoked Germany into a purely destructive mood. If a mother does this to a child—and it often happens—is she to go on until the child is killed or broken, so that the mother have her way? Is she not rather, at a certain point, to yield to the paroxysm of the child, which passes away swiftly when the opposition is removed? And if Prussia for a time imposes her rule on us, let us bear it, as a mother temporarily bears the ugly tyranny of the child, trusting to the ultimate good. The good will not be long in coming, all over Europe, if we can but trust it within ourselves. (This is not yielding to the child—this is knowing beyond the child's knowledge). . . . .

* * *

A friend of mine who is receiving direct information about the Everest climbing expedition tells me a delightful story which suggests that Tibet has not changed very much in the last few centuries. Desideri, the Jesuit priest who went to Lhasa in the 18th century, describes how he fell in with a princess and her escort also travelling to the Holy City, and how she sent him a present of yak's dung. This was not an insult, but the cream of courtesy, for in Tibet dried yak's dung is the best available substitute for fire-wood. Similarly when the Everest climbing party put up for the night at a nunnery on the way up to Kampa Dzong the nuns presented them with a sack of yak's dung on their departure. A little puzzled about the proper reward, one of the party hesitatingly

tendered the sum of four rupees. The nuns were so delighted and excited by the possession of money that they took off their black sheepskin wigs and waved them in the air in token of gratitude!

* * *

Here is an advertisement from the *American Magazine*:

"You take me back fifty years" (the sweet old lady says to her bright grandson). And in the light of his laughing grey eyes, in the jut of his firm jaw; even in the funny little cow-licks in his curly chestnut hair—she sees his grandfather, the boy *she* loved when *he* was 21. To-day, with *her* children and *their* children she patiently carries on, living in vivid memories of that happiness.

It is our privilege to have contributed an important service to this brave little grandmother. When cold rains beat down and wild storms rage, when the earth is saturated with water, she finds a deep solace in . . .

the home they built, no doubt, and lived in together? No, wrong again! In "the unfailing guardianship of the Clark Waterproof Metal Vault," which harbours the poor old man's remains! Wonderful metal vaults, supplied from Columbus, Ohio. Even the worst of depressions has its consolations.

* * *

I hope there is no truth in the rumour that the poll on the question of Sunday cinemas is to be taken on a Sunday, from noon to 8 p.m., "in order to afford every voter the fullest opportunity of voting." The many motorists who start about 9 or 10 a.m. for a Sunday outing, and are not back until late in the evening, would be debarred from registering their votes against the Sunday opening of cinemas.—Letter signed by "Lakeland" in *Liverpool Post*, May 15th.

* * *

Arrangements are nearly completed for the Empire Day luncheon. . . . The menu has just been circulated to members and contains no fewer than 150 items. . . . Mr. J. H. Thomas is to speak, and the Archbishop of Canterbury will offer prayers for the Empire in the Coffee Room of the Club, which looks over both Pall Mall and St. James's Square.—Daily paper.

* * *

Strong representations against the new tax . . . on heavy oil were made by a deputation of M.P.s. . . . It was pointed out that some of the interests adversely affected by the tax would be unable to pass on the extra charge.—Daily paper.

* * *

The existing law does not permit the killing of bulls at Portuguese bull-fights, though exceptions are made by the authorities in the case of fights arranged in aid of charities.—Daily paper.

* * *

The most distressing things about the Budget statement are to be found in the inferences to be drawn from it. What greater economic tragedy, for instance, has been reported in recent years than the 12,000 casualties among the surtax payers, to which Mr. Chamberlain admitted.—Sir Ernest Benn in the *Fruit-Grower*.

* * *

As a constant user of taxicabs may I use the publicity of your columns to complain of the great discomfort of the very low seats in all the new taxis? When once I get down to the seat it takes two men to pull me up and get me out.—A. A. B. in a letter to the *Times*, May 12th.

* * *

If we are to follow the official lead we are to remain suspended like Mohammed's coffin, willing to strike, but afraid to wound, and continuing as an annexe to the Government.—Letter in the *Manchester Guardian*.

CRITIC

# A HOPEFUL CENSUS

THE census of the population of Palestine taken as in November, 1931, of which the report has just been published by the Palestine Government in two large volumes, is a remarkably interesting and hopeful document. Most of the literature about the Promised Land has a touch of propaganda this way or that, either for or against Zionism. But here are accumulated tables and figures of the growth, distribution and movement of population, of occupation, education and nationality, which are the result of laborious and exact investigation, and are absolutely impartial. Yet they may point a moral, and the moral is hopeful. First, it is abundantly clear that the Arab as well as the Jewish population is increasing at a rate greater almost than that of any other country. The idea that the Jews are driving out the Arabs, or tending to drive them out, is proved to be a myth. Within a period of nine years, since the first census was taken at the end of 1922 (when the civil administration proposed to introduce elections for the legislative council), the total population has grown by over one-third—from 750,000 to over 1,050,000. That is the largest growth recorded in modern times. While the Jews have more than doubled their numbers, from 86,000 to 175,000, the Arabs have more than doubled the Jewish increase. The tables indicate that there has been a small migration of Moslem and Christian Arabs from the neighbouring Trans-Jordania and Syria to the more prosperous land, which offset the emigration, largely of Christian Arabs, to America. The remarkable Arab expansion is due almost entirely to natural increase, the Jewish expansion to immigration. One-half of the Jewish population was born abroad, and a considerable proportion have foreign nationality.

The British administration, in the fourteen years which have elapsed since the delivery of the country from the Turks, has brought a stimulus to enterprise of every kind which has vitalised the sturdy Arab people; and the improvement of public health and public services has brought a striking decline in the death rate of all but the most backward parts of the population. It is notable that the number of persons per house is approximately the same as in England—four and a half—which indicates a reasonably high standard in that aspect of life. It is notable, too, that, while all other elements among the Arabs have increased since the last census, the number of Bedouin or nomad Arabs has actually decreased. That points to absorption of the tribes in the settled villages. In Palestine, as elsewhere, there is a marked movement to the town. Though the Jews have a higher proportion living in agricultural villages and engaged in rural pursuits than has any other country, three-quarters of their community are living in towns. The Moslem proportion as between urban and rural dwellers is the reverse. The chief towns have grown remarkably: Jerusalem, from 50,000 to 90,000; Jaffa and Tel-aviv, the younger Jewish sister-town, together, from 45,000 to close on 100,000; Haifa from 25,000 to over 50,000. These are towns of important Jewish settlement; and it is striking that the purely Arab towns of Hebron, Gaza and Nablus have not grown. Similarly the hill country, to which the Jewish settlement has hardly penetrated, shows a diminishing population, while in the plains, where orange plantations are converting the character and productivity of the land, there has been a steady increase both of Arabs and of Jews. It is abundantly clear that immigration and Jewish enterprise are making the country more livable for the old as well as the new population.

The figures of occupations, of education and of publications reveal a remarkable contrast between the two nationalities which live together in Palestine. Broadly, three-quarters of the Moslem population is engaged in agriculture and three-quarters of the Jewish population in industry, trade and the professions. Some 90 per cent. of the one community is literate; while in the other community more than 90 per cent. of the females and 75 per cent. of the males are illiterate. There was an extraordinary outburst of intellectual energy among the Jewish settlers between 1923 and 1931. The Palestine printing-presses issued in Hebrew 1,200 pamphlets and over 1,100 books. That gives an average of one author for every 80 persons. There were further five daily papers and many periodicals. The figures of Arab and English publications are more normal. There were issued during the period 96 Arabic books and pamphlets and 129 English, many of them too from the Jewish presses. The census can give no indication of the quality; but the eagerness to write and build up a Hebrew literature on all subjects is apparent. The Jews, bringing from the West their acquisition of modern science and learning, have already established the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and they have aroused a feeling of emulation among the Arabs for the revival of the mediaeval tradition of Moslem learning in the third holiest

city of Islam. One of the constructive resolutions of the Moslem Congress of 1931 in Jerusalem called for the founding of a University within the area of the Haram-el-Sharif. The census, indeed, does not reveal these things, but it illumines the underlying material and sociological development; and it shows how the increase in the population and in the productivity of the soil, together with "the invisible import of value" which the immigrants bring by their capital and skill of various kinds, have enabled the little land no larger than Wales to support a rapidly growing population, and to exhibit to-day the unique spectacle of a country with a Government surplus, with no unemployment, and with a demand for immigration. An old Jewish saying compares Palestine to a deer whose skin grows when it is well fed.

There is every reason to expect that the process will continue and be intensified during the next ten years. The Government is preparing the country for a larger economic development by the construction of the harbour at Haifa, which will be opened to shipping this summer, and will be the largest and safest along the coast of Western Asia, second only to Alexandria in the Eastern Mediterranean. Haifa is destined shortly to be one of the principal oil ports, and also a great centre of the oil industry. The Iraq Petroleum Company is now engaged with amazing activity in laying the pipe-line from the great oil field in Kirkuk to Haifa, and to Tripoli in Syria. The Government has surveyed a railway line by the side of the pipe-line, and the railway will be the instrument for the economic linking up of the Middle East. Another remarkable economic development is the chemical enterprise, the extraction of the mineral salts from the Dead Sea, which has passed from the experimental to the commercial stage. Within a few years Palestine promises to be one of the principal chemical producing countries of the world; and the Dead Sea is its inexhaustible reservoir.

To-day it is to Palestine, the principal country of Jewish immigration, that thousands of Jews in Germany look as the place in which to start a new life. The Government has just granted 5,500 certificates for immigrants entering as workers during the next six months; and it is to be expected that a large part of them will be allotted to Germany. Besides the workmen entering in this category, there will be a considerable number of persons of independent means, as they are called, who can produce £1,000 of capital. Some sixty years ago Palestine was the country to which a band of German Christians from Württemberg turned to establish a more Christian life. The 5,000 members of the Temple Community have played a distinctive part in the introduction of European standards and scientific methods into the agricultural and urban life of the country. German Jews have hitherto taken a large share in the direction of the Jewish settlement; they will now be a substantial part of the settlers themselves, and they will bring German method and orderliness. Palestine is more than ever, as one of the Hebrew Prophets called it, the Gate of Peoples, and its population a microcosm of humanity. The country is not only an open-air museum of history, but also a living laboratory of mankind.

NORMAN BENTWICH

# BRICKS AND MORTALITY

To be killed by improved housing conditions is a fate against which insurance premiums should be extremely low. Yet that, under certain conditions, it can happen and is happening has been proved, and proved by experiment.

In the social laboratory the successful consummation of a convincing experiment is a very rare event. First, the interference of the many variables always operating within human groups must be limited by the use of a large experimental group; sufficient results must be obtained to allow of statistical analysis. Secondly, the necessary technique to carry out that analysis must be available. Thirdly, a "control" group, with which to compare the experimental group, must be at the disposal of the investigator. Fourthly, perhaps most important of all, the investigator himself must be a man of the right type, knowing what information may be reasonably expected from the investigation, how to conduct the experiment so as to obtain that information, and exactly what conclusions may legitimately be drawn from it.

It is therefore not exaggeration to state that a recent paper by Dr. G. C. M. M'Gonigle, M.O.H. for Stockton-on-Tees, must command the closest attention from everyone concerned with the relation of public health and economic conditions. Dr. M'Gonigle's paper was read in February before the Royal Society of Medicine, and has now been published in the April issue of that Society's Proceedings. It is earnestly to be hoped that it will also be published in some form more easily accessible to the non-medical reader.

The opportunity to carry out his experiments was seized by Dr. M'Gonigle, with admirable foresight, in 1927. As a result of a survey carried out in 1919, it was decided to demolish a slum area, known as the "Housewife Lane area," and to transfer its whole population to a new block of model dwellings, to be called the Mount Pleasant estate. The demolished area was part of a large slum, too large to be transferred as a whole. Its division into two parts was made along a purely arbitrary geographical line, and the inhabitants left behind, 1,298 people, in the "Riverside area," formed an almost perfect control to the 710 individuals moved to Mount Pleasant. Nor, as we shall see, was the fate of the controls so unfortunate as to cause anyone of tender social conscience to resent their compulsory scientific service.

The main fact emerging amongst several others of great interest concerns the respective death-rates of the two populations. Figures for these are obtainable for each of the five years 1927–1932, and they are also given for each of the preceding five years. In all cases the crude and the "standardised" death-rates are both given, but only the latter will be considered here.

Stockton-on-Tees, with a population of just under 70,000, had, for the two periods in question, average death-rates of 12.32 (1923–1927) and 12.07 (1928–1931) per thousand; the corresponding figures for the whole of England and Wales were 10.48 and 10.30. In the Riverside area the average death-rate fell slightly from 26.10 (1923–1927) to 22.78 (1928–1932). But the transferred population, whose death-rate in the Housewife Lane area had been 22.91 (1923–1927), *has been dying fifty per cent. faster* in the hygienic Mount Pleasant estate, where the average death-rate rose to 33.55 (1928–1932). All the other populations tabulated, in England and Wales, in Durham County, in the borough of Stockton-on-Tees, and in the Riversea area slum, show a decreased death-rate during the same period.

This increased death-rate is not due to an increase in infant mortality, in which Mount Pleasant shows a definite improvement over the Housewife Lane area. It is associated almost entirely with a percentage increase in the number of deaths from measles, cancer, heart conditions, bronchitis and pneumonia—three of them, it will be noted, definitely of infective origin, despite the immeasurably improved housing conditions.

Dr. M'Gonigle has shown in his paper, almost beyond any shadow of doubt, that this increased death-rate is definitely correlated with a diminished expenditure on food, consequent on the increase in rents (about 4s. 6d. per week) payable by the families moved from the Housewife Lane area to Mount Pleasant, without any accompanying increase in the family income. To the dietitian it is of great interest to note that the economies have, in general, been made by the purchase of less, or poorer, food containing "first-class" protein, that is, protein of animal origin in meat and milk products. Amongst the employed sections of the Mount Pleasant population there has actually been a greater consumption of calories—as carbohydrate and low-grade fats and oils—than in the "controls" left in the Riverside area. There has also been an increase in the total protein, fat, and carbohydrate consumption among the employed in Mount Pleasant, but the unemployed show

reductions in every item, again in both cases by comparison with the Riverside controls.

Dr. M'Gonigle has also clearly demonstrated another fact of very great interest and, at present, completely baffling. Accompanying the increased death-rate in Mount Pleasant has been a rise in birth rate. The figures are Riverside area 36.51 (1923–1927) and 32.02 (1928–1932); Housewife Lane (1923–1927), before the transfer, 35.08. But the average figure for Mount Pleasant (1928–1932) is the extraordinarily high one of 44.25.

The investigation is not claimed to show a positive correlation between a low birth-rate and the consumption of high-grade protein, but that is what the facts seem to indicate. It would seem indeed strange if the kind of food best suited for keeping men alive is the kind most calculated to prevent their being born. Yet certain laboratory experiments have indicated some curious inter-relationships between successful gestation and the intake of protein and certain vitamins.

This work has opened up a large field to other investigators, and, it is to be hoped, for Dr. M'Gonigle himself for many years, whether at Stockton or elsewhere. He deserves from all honest observers high praise and ungrudging thanks for a piece of work scientific both in its execution and in its conception. Whether it will be as far-reaching in its consequences as its conception and execution justify depends on forces and circumstances with which Dr. M'Gonigle has nothing to do.

A. L. BACHARACH

# HIGH ASTRALS

"CRITIC" quoted last week part of a document setting forth the claims of the "High Astral Tribunal Union Telegraf Service" of Chicago. As the American press appears so far to have boycotted the messages from the High Astrals, it seems to me to be the duty of the more free-minded press of England to give publicity to a movement that claims to put us in touch with the wisdom of better planets than our own. The High Astrals, according to this document, have agreed to inform us, among other things, "how copper can be tempered. Also how magnetism can be insulated." No wonder that the editor is shocked by the silence of the American press. "High Astrals say," he tells us, "the dodge of suppressing these high astral transmissions by the secular, medical and churchery press is a disgrace to the U.S.A. . . . They say the press must soon accord the front page." The press certainly ought now that the High Astrals are willing to communicate their wisdom, not only to chemists, but to statesmen. We have, for example, the heading: "37 High Astrals Cable Statesmen." It begins with a question to the High Astrals: "War impends! Do you wish to dictate a 50 dollar cable to European statesmen?" And the reply of the High Astrals runs in part: "Yes: Prime Minister, London; Foreign Minister, Paris; Hitler, Berlin; Mussolini, Rome; . . . Use all your intelligence and influence to avert clash of arms. . . . Situation seems very grave. Question your conscience what to do."

Now that seems to me to be very sound advice, and no one but a High Astral could have thought of it. If the statesmen of Europe would only act upon it, we should all be as happy and carefree as folk-dancers. Why then should the newspapers do all in their power to suppress it? As a matter of fact, this must be because it was not sent to them. The *American Tribunal* asked the High Astrals: "Shall we send copies to the Chicago press and world's news agencies?" And the High Astrals rather shortsightedly replied: "Let them ask for copies. It will have more value for them." On being asked further: "Shall we even tell them that such cables are sent to-night without divulging their secrets?" The High Astrals replied: "No." Yet these messages are of world-wide import. The world should be told, for example, of the attitude of the Pope to the peace messages. We read in the document how the High Astrals were asked: "Is the Pope likely to rise to the occasion and use his prodigious power to give force to your cables?" The reply of the High Astrals unhappily was disheartening: "He might do so but for his cardinals, who always want to dictate to him his course."

Possibly, some readers would like to know something about the organisation of these discussions with distant spheres. We are given a brief account of this. "We have," declares the document, "an instrument called the Logos Observatory to which High Astrals come at appointed times, dates and places —and move the sensitive mechanism, thus swiftly spelling out answers to our questions, which they hear." We are told, too, how at one of the meetings Lady Ellen C. MacGregor besought the High Astrals: "Please give us your Roll Call," and received the reply: "37 High Astrals, of whom 6 are physicians, 9 ladies. Also present are 6 earth-bounds." The presence of the physicians is particularly welcome, as the High Astrals seem to specialise in the cure of diseases. So important is their work in this sphere that their earthly representatives have had to issue an appeal in capital letters: "WANTED WELL-TO-DO PATIENTS, OVERJOYED TO EXTEND LARGE VOLUNTARY THANK OFFERINGS, AFTER THEIR RECOVERY, TO SUBSIDISE AMERICAN TRIBUNAL'S CAUSE, GEO. W. MACGREGOR, KING OF PHYSICIANS." The King of Physicians is clearly no ordinary doctor. "As Dr. MacGregor makes no alliances with doctors," we are warned, "patients must be free from interference. His consultations are with High Astral physicians, not with earthly medics who fail." The would-be patient of Dr. MacGregor is naturally given fair notice that he must consult the King of Physicians in no frivolous spirit. "Well-to-do invalids," he is told, "should not come to us as a gamble. secretly suspicioning that 'all this sort of thing' is bunk, that they will try it as a last resort—and imagine that they can 'buy' recovery from High Astral physicians. . . . Mercenery, selfish, cunning attitudes will fail." I trust that the optimism of the promoters of the Logos Observatory is justified. I think it probably is, because they seem to be realists in their understanding of all they are "up against." They know that they cannot succeed without a struggle against the worldly and the sceptical. "Editors," they say quite frankly, "stick their tails between their legs for fear of offending their bigoted readers, advertisers, politicians, and mercenary stock-holders. Agnostic-atheist-deist-pantheists guffaw." One is amazed, indeed, by the courage of these people in face of the furious opposition they must meet. As they put it so lucidly: "This Press is too obsessed with its daily grist of tittle-tattle, crimes, scandals, and sensations to deign to put a miracle on its front pages which will spell *finis* to many of the system's stupendous rackets. Foxes would boycott any daily and monthly which upset their applicants and exposed them as charlatans!" One has to admit that foxes certainly would.

This is all the more embittering since the Logos Observatory has been entrusted with such lofty tasks by the High Astrals. For example: "The incomparable book, with all its mistranslations, omissions and interpolations is the Bible. We were authorised by the High Astral Council . . . to revise any part of it as we did Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and the amplified, consolidated Nicene-Apostles' Creed." The Sermon on the Mount has already been duly revised, and last week "Critic" quoted the publisher's announcement: "Sermon on the Mount, revised by High Astrals. No other version means anything they say. 25 c. for 3 copies. Single copies not sold." It is not surprising that these excellent people, having revised the Sermon on the Mount, also did their best to reproduce a New-Testament miracle in an American setting. And so we find them asking the High Astrals: "Who enabled Edgar Cayce, of Virginia, when a boy, scolded by his father for being dull, fell into a short slumber and upon awakening recited the entire school-book, word for word, from memory, to the astonishment of his father?" The answer of the High Astrals to this question, need I tell you, is: "His guardian angel."

In spite of this evidence of the inspired mission of the Logos

Observatory, the mass of Americans still seem to cling limpet-like to the old orthodoxies. As the document puts it: "Myriads (living and dead) obsessed into devoting precious leisure to ecstatic swoons! . . . Gazing at glamorous altars and idols! Listening to fatuous words, words, words! Imbibing kaleidoscopic music and nebulous singings! Frequent bells, chimes, clocks, and shaken tinklings! Does that sort of thing train thinkers to crave these transmissions of wisdom from your High Astrals? Or does it destroy intelligence, scientificness, and thirst for truth, proofs, facts and deeds?" How like a modern poem by a young man in despair! Oxford and Cambridge should look out. Chicago can do it better.

I suppose the truth is that most prophets and men born before their time have been gloomy coves, and certainly the Logos Observatory has its Jeremiah moments. How terrible to think that it has to wrestle with "myriads of human jackasses who care for nothing but their own selfish animal interests," who "are parasiting off others and loll around," who "know nothing outside their own frog-pond and don't want to get on to themselves," and who yet "pass judgment on these High Astral transmissions and criticise everything the *American Tribunal* does"—as if "they were master minds"! As the editor comments on this "Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!" This seems to me to be the perfect comment in a world in which, as the document says, "uzians and drujas sneer, yawn, and pettifog over much ado about nothing." The gloom at the end of the document is intensified by a question Lady Ellen C. MacGregor, described as a "Queen among Women," puts to the High Astrals. "Do atmospheric conditions affect your life to-night," she asks them, "when the storm is raging in the gloom seen from these 16th-storey windows far out on the waves of Lake Michigan, bursting around the shore and lighthouses amid polar cold, snow, ice, and frightful wind?" The High Astrals, magnificently reassuring, reply: "Only indirectly, as reaction we get when visiting you, but not that we ourselves feel cold or heat." Even so, her question has done the trick. She has taken us into a world of ghosts and howling winds and uzians and drujas who sneer and yawn and pettifog. No wonder that the American press boycotts the Logos Observatory. It is too miserable, too like ordinary life. Y. Y.

## THE CRIME OF CONFESSION

*Paraguay has declared war on Bolivia, whom she has been fighting for some time. This is the first formal declaration of war by a Member of the League.*

FIE! Paraguay, for shame!
Not that we so much blame
Your martial zeal, in feats of arms delighting;
But that you now proceed
To *own* your lawless deed
And give the name of warfare to the fighting.

How obsolete appears,
To more enlightened ears,
The tenor of your warlike declaration!
Wise States their bounds increase
By "measures of police"
To safeguard their pacific penetration.

How naive this was in you!
How inconsiderate, too,
To us who bear the onus of allowing!
How can the Council's tact
Ignore each hostile act
While you persist in openly avowing it?

Or, with Japan, in jest,
Have you evolved this test
Of what, in practice, constitutes aggression;
To show all future time
That international crime
Lies not so much in sin as in confession?

MACFLECKNOE

# Correspondence

## THE CONDITION OF INDIA

SIR,—Mr. Wilson has done me the honour of not questioning my good faith, but he disputes my facts. I do not wish to impugn Mr. Wilson's faith in the official in charge of Indian administration, but wish to point out that my facts remain uncontroverted.

Mr. Wilson contends that I have made a generalisation about the food in Indian jails being "bad, dirty and unfit for human consumption" and asserts that it would be difficult for me to substantiate my statement. My allegation is made on the basis of "all the reports we received and from what we saw," a part of my letter which Mr. Wilson does not quote.

The next argument of Mr. Wilson is that there are qualified officials in charge of jail administration in India and therefore things cannot, by definition, go wrong. If this view is accepted every charge of maladministration against any government would be inadmissible. The Indian Civil Service is manned by British and Indian officials who have all had a University education and therefore by definition there can be nothing wrong with Indian administration!

As a matter of fact, while I do not deny that there are Indian and British medical men presiding over Indian jails, I contend that the central feature of prison administration in India is the Convict Warder, a long term criminal himself who by his sycophancy has wormed his way into the favour of the authorities. It is these criminal sycophants who exercise authority over the political prisoners, at least some of whom are by Mr. Wilson's own admission men of "great sincerity and honesty."

Mr. Wilson refers to jail visitors. I know that District officials are enjoined to visit jails; I also know that the prisoners have to do an extra stretch the previous day (and sometimes night) to prepare the jail for the visit! Non-official visitors to jails are few and ineffective. Any one of this class making an honest attempt to see the jail as it is is refused permission. The letter of Mr. Baladev, M.L.C., an "untouchable" member of the United Provinces legislature, to the Home Member of the province, a copy of which is in my possession, provides documentary evidence of this fact.

May I also quote here what a friend of the government, Rao Saheb Mir Chand Khanna, a co-operator, elected to the Frontier Legislature by a large number of European votes in the Peshawar Cantonment, has to say about these visitors? Rao Saheb Khanna says:

> I am a co-operator and a friend of the Government and hope to remain such . . . I know there are non-official jail visitors. But who are they? The less said about them the better. Has anyone seen their reports? I, however, know what these reports are.

I could also quote, if I had the opportunity, the evidence of friends of the Government in Bengal and the United provinces which would throw much sinister light on Indian jail administration. I would like to challenge the United Provinces Government to publish the confidential letter written to it by one of its adherents, Sir Sita Ram.

About the jail statistics which Mr. Wilson contends show increase in the weight of jail inhabitants: I would like to ask him whether his statistics cover 1932 and whether they are relevant to the case of political prisoners. I suspect that they do not, and in as far as they apply to the ordinary jail population, the majority of whom are driven to jails by crime arising from hunger and poverty, Mr. Wilson's evidence is a sad commentary on Indian poverty under British rule. As far as politicals are concerned many of them suffer from serious afflictions resulting from jail food and treatment.

Indian jail administration is vindictive so far as politicals are concerned. The Government Order I quoted in my letter is enough evidence *prima facie*. If challenged I can supply more.

The India League, 146 Strand, W.C.2. V. K. KRISHNA MENON

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SIR,—To one who has read both letters, Mr. Wilson's reply to Mr. Krishna Menon's indictment of prison conditions in India seems little better than an evasion. A categorical statement of evils which exist and are encouraged under the Ordinances is not answered by an assertion that individual prison Governors are sometimes humane and liberal, or that individual prisoners, particularly if they are influential, may be treated with leniency. That this is so nobody denies, but few of your readers will regard

it as sufficient evidence for doubting that the predominant conditions are much as Mr. Krishna Menon describes them.

5 Trederwen Road, E.8. ALBERT C. THOMAS

## FASCISM, FREEDOM AND PEACE

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Kenneth G. Robinson gives expression to a common misconception when he writes: "The attack is upon liberty. It is amazing to observe how the Fascists and the Communists are united here. Hitler and Stalin alike exalt the State and belittle the individual."

This is true of Fascism: it is not true of Communism. Fascism is based upon a philosophy of authority—in the first place the authority of the nation expressed in the State, and afterwards the authority of the corporation and of the family (or of the chief male member thereof). In this philosophy there is, admittedly, no place for freedom.

Communism is based upon a philosophy of liberation—of liberation for the whole of humanity, regardless of nation, race or sex. But for the Communist the first liberty to be won is the liberty of access to the means of production. Without this fundamental liberty all other liberties are of no account. At the best they are precarious, dependent on the contemptuous acquiescence of the owning class, which may revoke them as soon as they are seen to endanger its privileges; at the worst they are delusive, liberties only for the owning class, chains for the dispossessed.

The Communist does not glorify the State. For him the State is simply the force organ of the ruling class. In its fight for the fundamental liberty of access to the means of production the excluded class, the working class, has to wrest the power of the State from the existing holders of it and to turn it against them. For a time the working class is the ruling class, and the proletarian State is its force organ. But once the working class has succeeded in this struggle, by the conquest of the means of production and their reduction to common property, the basis of class divisions will have disappeared. With classes disappears the need for a special organ of authority. The classless society, based upon the common ownership of the means of production, alone can guarantee the fundamental liberty and, consequently, alone can make possible for humanity an era of real and lasting freedom.

Thus at no point do Communist and Fascist theory agree in their attitude towards liberty, authority and the State. If both agree in rejecting the traditional liberal institutions of parliamentary democracy, it is for diametrically opposite reasons. The Fascist fears that they will be used by the working class as a means to its emancipation. The Communist believes that they are so dominated by capital as to be useless to the working class (except as a centre for agitation and propaganda), and that they are moreover dangerous inasmuch as they induce in the working class a false sense of security. H. D. DICKINSON

31 Cromer Terrace,
Leeds.

## THE FUTURE OF IRAQ

SIR,—The panegyrics which greeted Iraq's entry into the League of Nations last autumn, and which were interesting mainly for their omissions, have died a natural death and there is ominous silence about the newly fledged kingdom. It is, of course, an open secret that only the personal skill of the British representative steered this curious craft through the rocks and shoals of a doubting Minorities Committee. Even then the good ship must have foundered had not much ballast, in the form of inconvenient facts, been thrown overboard and thus lost to sight, at least temporarily. Personal skill at Geneva, however, is poor consolation to the minorities who were optimistic enough to suggest that certain promises as to their future safety and welfare should be considered.

It is with some misgiving therefore that those interested in Iraqi affairs hear that, according to official atmospheres in Baghdad, the policy of giving the country "a free democracy" can quite easily be reconciled with the continued use of British armed forces in the country formerly governed by the Mandatory power. In other words, the danger that British forces may still be used against Iraq's minorities has by no means disappeared.

News from Baghdad shows that the old cries are raising their heads. The minorities are turbulent people who refuse to be convinced of the blessings which we have showered upon them; the "firm" hand—always necessary in the East—will be necessary again and the "people on the spot" must be trusted, etc., etc.

Curiously enough the people actually on the spot are the very ones whose advice the Baghdad Government find most unacceptable. They, of course, are too close and "cannot see the wood for the trees," which presumably is why two of the best British experts on Northern affairs have had to be sent to the Southern areas, where their Kurdish knowledge (and sympathies) can be stifled.

The greater part of the Assyrians are solving the problem for themselves by leaving Iraq and throwing themselves upon the mercy of their old enemies, the Persians, a sad reflection upon British gratitude for past services. The Iraq Government must placate its own minorities, and a policy which contemplates the use of *our* armed forces against the Kurds is an injustice to the latter and will, in the long run, do harm to Arab government for whose assistance it is intended.

When will our Government give a definite assurance that our forces remaining in Iraq will not be so misused?

St. Mary's Grange, PHILIP MUMFORD
Easthorpe, Kelvedon, Essex.

[Captain Philip Mumford, who contributed an article "Bombing Them into the League," to this journal, September 24th, 1932, served in Iraq from 1925–1932, first in the Iraq Army and then as Intelligence Officer in Baghdad and Kurdestan.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## WHITE AND BLACK LAW

SIR,—As usual, Dr. Norman Leys praises with faint damns—so faint, indeed, that it is difficult to follow his contention at all clearly. I can only deny his assertion that "the bulk of the laws of an African tribe have no ethical value," though I agree that their ethics do not coincide with those of Dr. Leys. I do not presume to decide which are the better. The fact that we feel no sense of guilt (even if we feel ridiculous) about wearing our clothes inside out is not in the least relevant, if the Akikuyu do; but has Dr. Leys never heard it said that it is unlucky to reverse a sock or stocking put on the wrong side out, and has he never met anyone who would refuse to correct the error? I admit (as he asks me) that I do not believe that the well-being of a community depends on the ceremonial purification of women after childbirth, but emotionally and psychologically it is a matter of great importance to those who do. The point seems to be that Dr. Leys wants all Africans to discard their ethical values and to adopt his, even though his are not universally accepted even in his own culture. We who think otherwise do not suggest, as he constantly asserts, that Africans should be protected from contact, but that the contact should be intelligently applied with a proper realisation that both cultures can contribute something of value to the future of Africa. J. H. DRIBERG

19, Dryden Chambers, W.1.

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SIR,—Mr. Norman Leys in a letter of May 13th, questions certain statements made by Mr. Driberg in his article "Black and White Law," which appeared in your issue of the 29th April—particularly a statement that all it (African tribal law) does is to demand conformity to certain patterns of behaviour on the observance of which the well-being of the community depends. It is, of course, arguable by members of different schools of thought that many of these patterns of behaviour are not necessary to the well-being of a native community. Much that has been rigorously demanded by tribal law in the past will disappear, by mutual consent, with the impact of modern civilisation, but there will always remain a valuable foundation on which to build. To encourage Africans to rebel against the harmful superstitions of tribal religion does not necessarily encourage the destruction of the whole system, neither does it seem to be the case that if the system ought to be protected the Christian missions and, above all, such a college as Achimota are not only mistakes but crimes.

The real object of Mr. Driberg's article, which seems to have been obscured in the heat of criticism, was as I read it to emphasise the clash which must inevitably arise from the impact of alien laws on primitive cultures and to ask the public and the authorities for consideration of the following question: "Is it too much to suggest that a critical examination of African laws might make it possible for our code to be so harmonised with their principles as to compel their respect, rather than their fear, and to give them justice rather than law?"

The attitude of Governments is often as difficult to understand as that of native peoples, and we seem to have introduced a penal

system into Africa without first deciding on a guiding native policy.

The wisdom and urgency of the recommendations put forward in the report of the Joint Committee on Closer Union in East Africa are generally accepted. To translate these recommendations into practice seems to be beyond the capacity of those whose business it is to control the destiny of our African dependencies.

You have already in your paper commented on the fact that a Commission has been sent to inquire into the law and its administration in East Africa without having in its terms of reference any duty to inquire into native law. What seems to be needed is an elastic system which can be modified so as to suit each grade of African development.

Any policy which is to be successful must be based on the following amongst other principles:

(*a*) The laws must be so framed as to secure the protection and progress of all sections of the community.

(*b*) In the eyes of the law all sections are entitled to complete equity in respect of benefits and responsibilities.

(*c*) Criminal codes must be framed with due regard to the social consciousness of the community to which they apply.

(*d*) All penal systems should predominate in constructive tendencies over retributive.

(*e*) The aim of penal and legislative codes should be readily understood by the community to which they are made to apply.

Lamb Building, Temple, E.C.4. C. CLIFTON ROBERTS

## THE MOSCOW TRIAL

SIR,—We read that Germany is now congratulating herself upon her friendly relations with Russia and has hastened to step into the breach between ourselves and the Soviet by making fresh arrangements for supplying the goods they need, together with substantial credit facilities for their purchase. On the other hand, we have deliberately thrown away our largest foreign outlet for machinery and allied products as a reprisal for an incident which now appears to have been totally out of proportion to the far-reaching results which it has occasioned.

The strain upon our manufacturers and their selling organisations to keep their works and factories employed in these days is so great that the cutting ourselves off from one of our greatest markets comes as a specially hard blow.

In the meantime the two British engineers in prison in Moscow are receiving most considerate treatment, the latest example of which is that a recent application to the Governor of the prison for permission to visit these two engineers brought the reply that it depended upon whether the engineers themselves were agreeable to receive the prospective visitors.

In all the circumstances it is surprising that our official trade institutions have suddenly become so silent on this matter of trading with Russia, instead of pressing the Government from every quarter to bring about a speedy settlement of outstanding difficulties and an early resumption of the new trade agreement conversations. HENRY E. METCALF

Junior Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

## MECHANISATION IN RUSSIA

SIR,—

Francis Birrell's in a doleful plight;
Machines, he tells us, make him sick at sight.
No doubt he suffers from acute *migraine*
If forced to enter a suburban train,
Is overcome by virulent catarrh
When in a taxi or a motor car,
Burns wax or tallow, working late at night,
Rather than gas or foul electric light;
And since, with his complaint, he cannot feel
Quite well on that accursed thing, a wheel,
His journeys, be the weather foul or fair,
Must be on horseback or on Shanks's mare.
But when he hints that Russia's present cares—
Say, weedy fields, and tractors lacking "spares,"
And other "snags" the Soviets try to fight—
Spring not from native sloth or *kulak* spite,
But from a deep-set complex like his own,
Which squirms at sound of crank or telephone,
His theory's too far-fetched; in fact, it's "tosh"—
The Birrelligious *moujik* just won't wash!

13 Laurel Road, S.W.20. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

## ANATOMY OF BROADCASTING

SIR,—Your correspondents make it clear that my article on the *Anatomy of Broadcasting* took too little account of technical obstacles. I can only excuse myself by saying that my argument was based entirely on personal experience; which is that with a four-year-old portable receiving set, in the county of Wiltshire, it is invariably possible to get three and sometimes four English short-waves, besides the long wave from Daventry.

Mr. Hunter confuses my conception of the function of broadcasting. He thinks I want it to dispense uplift at the expense of entertainment. This is just what I do not want. My thesis is that since broadcasting, for better or worse, has assumed the intention of uplift, this intention ought to be properly carried out, through the most patent medium possible—in other words, through good entertainment. I suggested, it is true, that one or two of the subsidiary programmes might be purely informative. But information is different from uplift and is considerably more popular. ROBERT BYRON

Savernake Lodge, Marlborough.

## THE DANGER OF SPEED

SIR,—Mr. Davidson, in his article to-day, says "After all, only a comparatively small percentage of accidents occur between two motorists." True: but no accidents at all occur between two pedestrians. A motorist to-day is considered to be driving safely if he drives in such a way that he would have no accidents if he only met pedestrians in the prime of life, in perfect health, and with no worries or other thoughts to distract their attention from the vital business of getting out of his way. Yet infants, invalids, the aged and the preoccupied are not yet debarred from the use of the King's Highway, and indeed have no other means of getting about. The gradual rise of motoring has blinded us to the fact that there is no more reason for cars to be allowed on the public road than railway trains, and indeed things have now reached such a pitch that it would be considerably safer for pedestrians to use the railway tracks than the roads.

The motorist's contention that speed is not in itself dangerous is such manifest nonsense that one is almost inclined to doubt whether it can be sincere. Admittedly 60 m.p.h. in one place may be safer than 20 in another; 200 m.p.h. on Daytona Beach may be safer still. But the connection of this interesting but rather obvious fact with the absurd contention that speed is not dangerous has never been made clear by those concerned, more through stupidity than conscious brutality, to defend the view that their own amusement, convenience or profit are more important than other people's lives. The point is—how many accidents would occur if no vehicle exceeded a speed bearing a reasonable relation to that of pedestrian road users, say 8 or 10 miles an hour? It is too late to expect that no one should be permitted to exceed some such speed save on a private track; but it is not too late for everyone involved in an accident when proceeding at a higher speed to be held responsible automatically, quite apart from any subsequent consideration of the responsibility of any other persons who may also be involved. C. HOPKINS

34 Cartwright Gardens, W.C.1.

## AGENTS PROVOCATEURS

SIR,—Attention has been drawn to an item in your issue of April 8th relating to a remark made by the Recorder of London on the subject of indecency. In the last two sentences of this paragraph a suggestion is made that young policemen chosen for their good looks parade Hyde Park as "agents provocateurs."

May I suggest that before giving currency to a suggestion of this kind—in which there is not a vestige of truth—you might have inquired here, when you would have been told that the story is without foundation. H. M. HOWGRAN GRAHAM,

New Scotland Yard, S.W.1. Secretary

## WEST INDIES' SELF-GOVERNMENT

SIR,—In your issue of April 1st there is an editorial note on Self-Government for the West Indies which has obviously been inspired by a pamphlet written by Mr. C. L. R. James. Indeed, you end the note by referring to the pamphlet. While I have not as yet read Mr. James's book, I assume that it has misinformed you in two important respects. First, you say that the Com-

mission now touring Trinidad, the Windward and the Leeward Islands to investigate the possibilities of closer union between the different groups found itself " faced instead with a determined demand for the abolition of Crown Colony Government." This is not true. Secondly, you say that " remarkable demonstrations against this now quite unsuitable system of Government have recently taken place." This also is not true.

I hasten to assure you that I am strongly against Crown Colony Rule as a theory of Government. As to whether it is bad or good for these islands, this is not the place nor the time for anyone to express an opinion. Still, I do not think it is fair to allow your readers to be misled as you have apparently been. It is possible that you, in your very short note, gave expression to the only two misstatements of fact in Mr. James's pamphlet; on the other hand, it is very highly improbable.

There is more in your note that calls for comment, but I shall content myself by just adding that two years ago " the autocratic authority of the Governor and his Executive Council " saved the island of Trinidad from the domination of the Roman Catholic clergy. ALFRED H. MENDES

52 South Quay, Port-of-Spain,
Trinidad, B.W.I.

[Our statements were based on public facts. We have in front of us the printed report of the West Indian Conference for 1932, which was attended by public men from every island visited by the Commission. Many of these men were members of the Legislative Councils of the various islands and all of them were sent, we believe, by democratic bodies. This Conference passed a unanimous resolution regretting that the terms of reference did not include self-government, and agreed that a representative of the Conference should meet the Commission at each island provided that the terms of reference were extended to include self-government. Otherwise " no Conference delegate should meet the Commission." As to demonstrations, we see it reported that all the unofficial members, nominated and elected, of the Legislative Council in Granada and Dominica have taken the step of retiring from the Council in protest against the use of the official majority by the Governor. When the Commission arrived in Dominica it was greeted with placards " No Federation without self-government." —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## ANTI-FASCISM COMMITTEE OF STUDENTS

SIR,—The following Resolution was passed on Thursday May 11th, by 500 students at an anti-Hitlerism meeting held at the University of London Union:

> That this meeting of students of the University of London registers its vehement protest against the ruthless persecution of Jewish students, professors and intellectuals that is proceeding in Germany at the present time. It calls upon all students of British universities to extend their sympathy as far as is within their power to the victims of this persecution.

Amendment:

> This meeting appoints a Committee to combat Hitlerism in all colleges and hospitals of London University by setting up similar committees to do active work on the spot.

This is one of the first activities of a new but growing movement, and we ask you to give it publication. LILIAN FOX,
Secretary

Penn Club,
9 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

## MARRIAGE

SIR,—Mr. London's attack on Y.Y. has gravely disturbed my peace of mind. If marriage is a tie instituted by God, who he deduces must be the Christian God, what happened before the God of this dispensation was discovered by us poor mortals? As Christian marriages did not then exist are we all descended from a libidinous and illegitimate ancestry? Is the whole world peopled by bastards? Or, alternatively, does Mr. London recognise the validity of pagan rites of marriage, and, if so, why do we seek to disturb by missionary effort practices which are recognised as made in a pagan heaven? What, finally, is it that is so sacred in this marriage business? Is it the ceremony, the feast (at which many of the guests get quite un-Christianly intoxicated), or the physiological process we share with the great animal world, and which is possibly a sufficient inducement to prevent the human race, as Mr. London suggests, from becoming extinct?

13A Soho Square, W.1. DOROTHY WEBB

# Miscellany

## TO A BUDDING NOVELIST

I'M glad you sent me that manuscript of yours to read, Tom, because it gives me the chance to say several things I've rather wanted to say to you—only it didn't seem to be my business before. Now you've made it my business by sending that typescript to me to read, and asking me what I think of it. I expect you'll rather wish you hadn't, before I've done, so I'd better start as amiably as I can by saying how extraordinarily competent your writing seems to me. It's really astonishing how much better young people write now than they used to; there isn't a badly constructed sentence in your book. When I was young, it seems to me, youth was supposed to be a time for stammerings and pompous soul-yearnings; older writers had to be indulgent and say, " Never mind, dear boy, stick to it; it's only a matter of mastering your medium; if you've got anything to say you'll soon get the hang of saying it." But nobody would dare to say that to you, Tom. You've mastered your medium all right—no mistake about that. You know twenty times more words than the average beginner did in my day; I don't know how you learn so many words, for your *talking* vocabulary seems much more limited than ours used to be. Still—there it is—you *do* know words, and I will say it's marvellous how cleverly you bring them all in. Evidently crossword puzzles *have* been useful after all. . . . Naturally, with so many excellent words at your disposal, you feel you *must* write—as a young flapper feels she must show off her new clothes. God bless you, why not show off? Showing off is splendid exercise. Go ahead—write about yourself till you're tired of it; you'll get tired of yourself only too soon, alas. But why in the world do you pretend to write about *other people*? You don't believe other people exist, do you? I mean, you don't believe in them except as objects to be looked at by you; it has obviously never occurred to you that other people are things in themselves, creatures looking out of their own eyes. In other words, you take sides; you take only one side—your own!

There are millions and millions of things to be said about other people, but they all begin with *they are*—not with *they ought* or *they ought not*. Never once in your novel do you refer to any human being different from yourself without at least implying, " He *ought* to be thus . . ." " She *ought not* to be that. . . ." Supposing I were writing about a prize fighter, wouldn't you think I was wasting precious paper if I filled my pages with shocked comments on my prize fighter's muscular arms and shoulders—(oh, so *coarse*—so unlike my own)—on the fact that the creature didn't read the poems of Keats—wasn't always quite chivalrous to his wife—had been heard to boast before a fight—often was so disgusting as to make other men's noses bleed—(a thing I *never* do myself—a thing, therefore, that *ought not* to be done)? That's exactly the spirit in which you write, Tom. You blink once across a hotel lobby and think, " Ha, a fat ridiculous widow; runs after young men; wears a wig in two shades; give me my notebook—I can be frightfully clever about her. She certainly *ought not* to exist at all. What *ought* she to do about it? Why—er—she *ought* to be a clever young man like me, to be sure . . ."

It isn't Sweetness and Light I'm suggesting. To dip one's pen in Sweetness and Light is to write only another version of the word *ought*. There are lots of things to write savagely about, if one wants to write savagely. To make even the beginnings of a study of the dishonesties and defensiveness that encrust men and women would take many lifetimes. Men and women trespass on one another—coerce one another—kill one another's joys and vanities—torment themselves—refuse admittance to their own truths and to one another's truths—wrap themselves in so many wrappings and sub-wrappings of pretence that it becomes difficult to believe in the authentic bones inside. Protest against all those outside things,

of course ; they're fair game. But how can you protest against *bones*? Let's make mincemeat of pretences and the false messages that fly from man to man. But you can't make mincemeat of *bones*.

Your ideas about yourself, Tom, are pretences, vanities and flying fancies. Therefore *yourself* is the only thing in sight to which your word *ought* can truly apply. *Ought* you to be thus and thus and thus? Only you know. But when you begin to write about those odd unknown monsters—*other people*—remember that the word *ought* is only a word made of air, implying some accepted standard that you and all other selves have in common. There is no such common standard, believe me ; there is no relation between words and bones ; there is no lesson that you can teach the bone. You can only, as a novelist, record the obscure, incredible movements of the bones. You can see bones through a fog that never lifts.

You won't take any notice of what I've said, of course. No doubt your novel, just as it stands, will be a great success, and people will (rightly) think you a very clever young man indeed. I never took any notice of what my elders said about my writing, myself ; I was quite sure that I knew best how to show off my own cleverness in words. And so I did know best. The way to show off one's own cleverness is just the way you have chosen—to try to "score off," to try to be funny at the expense of something that doesn't hear, to try to make a fool of a giraffe because it isn't a rhinoceros, to waste roguish badinage on a butt that's as far off and cold as a mountain on the moon. We all start like that. My only reason in tackling you like this is that I feel you are more dangerously placed than we were when we were young and waggish. Waggishness as an ideal is pursued by grown-ups, now ; Mr. Aldous Huxley and the late Mr. Lytton Strachey broke the trail ; there's a dangerous precedent of smartness and petulance before beginners nowadays. Smartness used to be like growing pains, but you are born into an age when fretfulness is chronic. The habit of scolding and railing jocosely at bones for being bones is in a fair way towards being perpetuated.

STELLA BENSON

# THE LONDON FESTIVAL

THE London Music Festival, which has been held at the Queen's Hall during the past fortnight, serves as a useful signpost to draw the attention of visitors from the Dominions, Colonies and all parts of the globe, to the astonishing transformation which has taken place in England with regard to music during the last ten years. It is not too much to say that London has now become one of the most important musical centres in the world, both for quality and quantity of music, and I have had interesting testimony to this effect from some friends who spent last winter in Vienna, who told me that their Viennese musical acquaintances were absolutely astonished at the list of musical activities in London shown to them during that time.

This past week one of the finest of living conductors, Serge Koussevitzky, has paid us a visit after an absence of about eight years. He has conducted the three orchestral concerts of the second week of the festival and I am certain that if he cared to speak he could tell a tale of the improvement in the standard of orchestral playing in London since he was last here. Now we do really possess an orchestra which is on the level of the best Continental and American orchestras. I do not say that it is yet the equal in virtuosity of, say, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, but that is hardly to be expected considering the tradition and experience that lies behind the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. The newspaper johnnies who write so glibly in our ignorant dailies of our "wonderful" London Philharmonic orchestra, and more rarely of our truly more wonderful B.B.C. Symphony orchestra, are a species of baby Goebbels who confuse music with patriotism and patriotism with propaganda. The fact is that even if we had had the orchestral material we could not have expected to develop it to the perfection of the best German orchestras with their better and longer tradition under a constant succession of first-rate conductors from Bülow onwards. For example, the famous Meiningen orchestra, which I heard under Max Reger in Munich in 1912 or 1913, was absolutely superior to anything we had in England. Ten years ago, our London orchestras were at a very low level. Whatever natural talent the individual member may have possessed had been frittered away in casual uninspired and uninspiring employment. Things had come to such a pass that the musicians of the orchestra had forgotten that they *were* musicians ; they were merely employees paid by the hour and they did not participate in the music that was being performed. I remember a famous German conductor coming to me in the interval of a rehearsal at the Queen's Hall and saying convulsively with the sweat pouring down his forehead : "An angel from heaven could do nothing with this orchestra." I could do nothing but shrug my shoulders and sympathise with him. But those bad old days are over.

They are over and much of the credit must be given to Dr. Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. They were the first to give London a permanent orchestra of carefully selected musicians, and it is not too much to say that Dr. Boult has trained this orchestra into a body of players who can now respond both technically and artistically to the highest demands of a great conductor. I do not wish to be thought to be in any way disparaging the ability or the conscientiousness of such gifted conductors as Sir Henry Wood and Sir Thomas Beecham in paying this tribute to Dr. Boult and the B.B.C. orchestra. Sir Thomas Beecham has now the advantage of also having a carefully selected orchestra of youthful and keen musicians, which he is moulding into a fine body of players, but it was the existence of the B.B.C. with its large available funds that made possible the constitution of our first and our best orchestra. How infectious a good influence is may be learnt at Covent Garden, where this season the new London Philharmonic Orchestra is, in spite of minor defects, playing magnificently under Heger and Beecham, and is far superior to the orchestra which used to be employed at Covent Garden.

The playing of the B.B.C. orchestra at the London Music Festival during the past fortnight has been superb. The first week of the festival was devoted to Brahms in honour of the centenary of his birth, and was notable for a magnificent performance—the finest ever heard in this country—of the B flat pianoforte concerto with Artur Schnabel as soloist. I can assure readers that artistic collaboration of this sort between soloist, conductor and the musicians of the orchestra simply did not and could not have existed in London ten years ago. The performance of the Brahms symphony in D under Dr. Boult was another notable achievement, and incidentally it confirmed me in an opinion I have long held that this is the finest of Brahms's symphonies.

At the time I am writing I have only heard the first of Koussevitzky's three concerts this week, and confining myself at present to the quality of the orchestral playing rather than to the music I would say that the performance of the last movement of the Tchaikovsky symphony in E minor was of a superb virtuosity on the part of the orchestra as well as on the part of the conductor that could not possibly have happened in London ten years ago. Now we may expect that the good example shown by London will spread to the provinces. London has known how to welcome in the past ten years foreign musicians and foreign orchestras whose superiority artistically and technically to anything we could produce ourselves was obvious to all but the guttersnipes of music. We have admired and we have learnt, and a new generation of young musicians has arisen in this country which is ambitious of the highest achievements in its art. This musical generation is not to be bamboozled by stunts and press publicity ; it knows a good musician when it hears him, more certainly than the generation before it, and, as I say, what has happened in London will certainly happen in the provinces. So we may hope in time to get musical festivals in provincial cities of as

good quality as the festivals of Salzburg, Munich, Frankfurt, etc., abroad.

In the meantime, there are Edinburgh and Glasgow, whose rivalries and jealousies, I am told, are about to be composed with the result that Scotland may obtain what it badly needs—a first-rate orchestra. Then there is Manchester, which has a great tradition in the Hallé orchestra and a fine conductor in Sir Hamilton Harty who is, however, leaving it to be replaced, I hope, by a musician of equal calibre. It ought to be possible for Liverpool and Manchester together to increase their musical activities and make it worth while for visitors to go to those cities to hear their music.

But our musical future depends to some extent upon the development of opera in this country. This, however, is too important a subject to be dragged in at the tail of an article, and I shall leave it for another time. I wish to end with a note of warning to the B.B.C. I am expressing only my personal opinion when I say that its splendid symphony orchestra is in danger of being overworked and of deteriorating or, shall we say, remaining arrested in its development in consequence. I know that only a section of this orchestra is employed in the Promenade concerts, but it is a large section, and this is too much. The B.B.C. should possess two, not one, full-sized symphony orchestras, and this should be the next aim of its directors. There is more than enough work to be found for two large B.B.C. orchestras in London, and it is a mistake to think that musicians can be worked like machines. Also it is economically wrong-headed in these days of unemployment to overwork any body of men or women. It would be an immense benefit, economically and artistically, to all if more musicians were employed by the B.B.C. and their hours of work shortened.

W. J. TURNER

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "The Sowers"

*The Sowers* (*Lanceurs de Graines*), by Jean Giono, presented at the Arts Theatre Club, suggests at once a comparison with Synge. Both are dramatists who have used the life of the peasant, partly as a basic inspiration, partly as a medium for the expression of their own philosophy. Neither is a realist, in the vulgar acceptance of the term, though both have steeped themselves in their chosen local colour. Finally, in both appears the conception of physical nature as a self-conscious protagonist, implacable and ruthless when offended. It is the existence of this natural piety rather than its somewhat over-naive expression which gives *The Sowers* an unusual charm and power. Lacking a definite idiom, the translation robs the play of its necessary remoteness. Ideas which would pass unchallenged when clothed in the swaddling strangeness of a dialect appear too naked and assertive when expressed in plain English, and when the English is as beautifully cadenced as is Mr. Jolliffe Metcalfe's the charge of "literariness" is inevitable. Nevertheless, there is a certain splendour in the conception of an usurping landowner who endeavours with tractors and gunpowder to coerce The Land into unnatural fruitfulness, and upon whom The Land takes a terrible revenge. Parallel as in a fairy story runs a beautifully developed theme of the mating of the dispossessed son with a serving-maid on the farm, whose reverence for the Land is finally rewarded. Miss Carol Goodner, as the peasant girl, played with an exquisite simplicity and tenderness—and with an understanding of the mood of the play which was denied to Miss Miriam Lewes, who seemed to seek tragic honours where none existed. Mr. Harry Wilcoxon as the son missed the unconscious mysticism of the part, and Mr. W. Cronin Wilson lacks stature as the usurper. The production seemed a trifle leisurely, but the Provençal interior of Danaë Galen was superb.

### A Film of Hindustani

*Karma* is a film dealing entirely with Indian life and is acted by Indians in the Hollywood language. A Maharanee, engaged to the son of a neighbouring Maharaja, is anxious to embark on a scheme of vast though unspecified reform. She lacks, however, a sense of political strategy, and can only think of organising a blasphemous tiger-hunt, which enrages an already suspicious proletariat. It is, however, impossible for her lover to withdraw from the hunt, without grave loss of face. So while the heroine prays in the temple of Shiva, the hero goes forth to massacre amid the execrations of the faithful. The hunt itself goes from bad to worse. A beater is shot and the Prince is bitten by a cobra. He hangs between life and death, but is finally saved by the wise lore of a snake charmer, after which the Maharanee decides to go slow with the liberal movement. The presentation of the film is not very much better than the plot.

## THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 19th—
"Götterdämmerung," Covent Garden, 5.15.
Beethoven 4th and 9th. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

SATURDAY, May 20th—
British String Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, May 21st—
Gerald Heard on "The New Revolution," Conway Hall, 11.
Film Society, Astoria, Charing Cross Road, 2.30.
A. L. Rowse on "Youth and Politics," Willoughby Hall, 1, Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
"The Fantasticks," Arts Theatre.
"Johannisfeuer," Embassy Theatre.

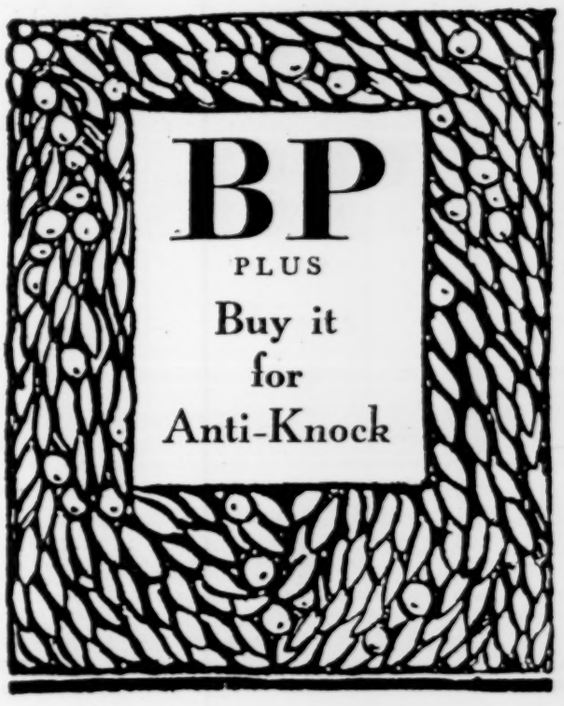
MONDAY, May 22nd—
"Aida," Covent Garden, 8.

TUESDAY, May 23rd—
Stephen Thomas on "West Africa," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Gala Celebrity Concert, Palace Theatre, 3.
Mock Trial on "Wilfully Murdering Their Parts," Prosecutors: Major Ian Hay Beith and Com. Stephen King-Hall. Defendants: Owen Nares and Others. London School of Economics, 5.30.
"Martine," Ambassadors Theatre.
"Gallows Glorious," Shaftesbury Theatre.
"La Bohême," Covent Garden, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, May 24th—
Chelsea Flower Show.
J. L. Hammond on "The Growth of Common Enjoyment," King's College, Strand, 5.30.
"Tosca," Covent Garden, 8.30.

THURSDAY, May 25th—
"Aïda," Covent Garden, 8.
Dr. Marie Stopes on "Roman Catholic Methods of Birth Control and Scientific Clinics," Great Queen's Hall, Langham Place, 8.
D. Roden Buxton on "Ancient Church Architecture from the White Sea to the Caucasus," London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, Gower Street, 8.15.

FRIDAY, May 26th—
H. Wickham Steed on "Shall We Keep Our Word?" Kensington Town Hall, 8.15.



# Current Literature

## FLYING THE AUTO-GIRO

IF you throw a flat stone along the surface of a pond you can watch it skimming until it slows up. Then, just before the friction of the water stops it, it sinks and goes to the bottom. It is much the same with the aeroplane which flies so long as it has sufficient forward speed through the air. If the air speed falls below a certain minimum, it falls vertically out of control, usually spinning as it approaches the ground. That is the stall. The pilot is usually sensitive to the approach of a stall, he is warned of it not only by the air-speed indicator on the dashboard and wing-strut, but by the general feel of the aeroplane, which becomes heavy, while the controls of rudder, elevator and ailerons grow "sloppy" as they produce less and less effect. But in spite of such indications, hundreds of the finest pilots have been killed by stalling their machines near the ground. If the engine fails while the machine is climbing steeply after taking off, the pilot must act like lightning to get the nose down before a stall. And since the stalling speed is higher during a turn, a great many stalls occur as the pilot is circling slowly round and round, trying to judge the direction of the wind and choosing a good field in which to land. Hence various devices to lower the stalling speed have been invented, the best of which is the Handley-Page slot. But there is one machine which has no need for safety devices, for the Cierva Auto-giro cannot stall. That is to say, when there is no longer sufficient forward speed to fly, it sinks to the earth like a parachute under perfect control. After ten years of experimenting, Señor de la Cierva has produced a machine which is an enormous improvement over previous models. Hitherto the auto-giro has consisted of an aeroplane with a freely revolving windmill, or rotor, replacing the top plane. The rotor is started up on the ground, but in the air it is not connected with the engine. The three blades are hinged and flap up and down as they go round. They are also able to move sideways a little, but they keep their position owing to the interaction of centrifugal force and the load of the machine. All the questions you can think of about the machine, and a good many more besides, are answered in an admirably clear little book, which has just been published, called *The Auto-giro and How To Fly It*, by Reginald Brie (Pitmans, 5s.), the chief pilot of the Auto-giro Company. It is a book addressed primarily to people who can fly an aeroplane, but it can be understood by any intelligent person. Indeed he will be more likely to appreciate it, for the average pilot is intensely conservative and feels moreover an unconscious aesthetic objection, such as the men accustomed to sailing ships must have felt for the early paddle-steamers. I was surprised when a very intelligent aeroplane designer spoke of the auto-giro with bitter prejudice—surprised until he said: "I can't bear to believe that the last two years of my work are wasted." But unless I am mistaken, he will be flying an auto-giro in a very few years.

* * *

The new model has no wings, no rudder, no elevator and no ailerons. It is not, in fact, an aeroplane at all. While in the air, it is manoeuvred entirely by tilting the axis of the rotor backwards or forwards or to one side or the other. That and the throttle (or accelerator) of the engine are the only controls which can be used in the air. To see Cierva fly this machine is like watching the most perfect horseman taking his mount quietly and cleanly over the jumps at the horse-show. He can fly it level, a few feet off the ground, so slowly that a brisk walker can keep pace with him, and, if there is any wind, he can hold the machine with the engine on and the nose steeply up, in exactly the same spot in the air. Not only can the machine land and pull up in its own length, but it can take off in about twice its own length and be twenty-five feet up in the air in fifty yards.

Flying the auto-giro is a revelation to anyone who has learned on an ordinary light aeroplane. On the ground there are several controls to attend to. While keeping the wheel-brakes on, you let in the clutch of the rotor drive, and work the rotor up by opening the throttle to 180 revolutions a minute. Then you throw the clutch out, take off the wheel brakes, and, pushing the throttle wide open, fly off. The whirling ghostly arms above your head make a slight swish; in a minute or two you forget them, and unless you bank steeply on a turn, or catch sight of your own extraordinary shadow, you do not think of them again. But the queerest sensation, more like a dream than reality, comes when, keeping your engine on and facing into wind, you pull the nose up so steeply that all forward speed is lost. You are tipped far back in your seat and, looking over behind your elbow at the tops of the elms and orchards below, you realise that you are keeping absolutely motionless in one spot in the air, like a kestrel hovering. While you are hanging there, you may catch sight of another auto-giro on the aerodrome beginning to whirl its arms before taking off. Seen thus from above, the whirling, flapping blades are quite unearthly: a crouching dancing spider, a dervish spinning, some worship of the sun. Then the thing starts to run across the grass and lifts up into the limpid air while its shadow races underneath. You are going to land, so shut the throttle as you reach the edge of the aerodrome and, holding the machine level, parachute vertically down. You are actually falling at the rate of a steady sixteen feet a second, which is, of course, too much for the undercarriage, so you end by a steep forward glide, then flatten out and put the nose up while you are well clear of the ground. There is a springy bump, the machine runs a yard or two and you turn down wind and put on the rotor brake.

* * *

Every day our lives hang by threads of well-tested steel. The lift, the train, the steamship, the motor-car may fail us and precipitate us to our deaths. The auto-giro is not absolutely safe, but it is as safe as these. The rotor cannot stop while you are in the air, for the weight of the machine hanging from it is what makes it go round; if one of its blades should fracture and fly off, the chances are that you will get down safely with the remaining two. My instructor was taking off and flying with two blades last week at Hanworth to provide new data for the engineers. Theory and experiment have proceeded side by side, the possible stresses have been measured and the machine is built with a factor of safety as great as that of a motor-car. For the sake of economy Cierva has hitherto built small machines with low-powered engines. If an engine of greater horse-power were put into the present machine it would go faster and carry more weight. But the present model will fly at a hundred miles an hour—or hang motionless in the air—and is a really safe flying machine at last. When Cierva decides to manufacture it commercially I cannot help believing that the face of England will be changed.

* * *

Can you make your present car last another two or three years? Has she got another 30 or 40,000 miles in her? Because if you can do that and save the money you would otherwise spend, you may be able to get a machine of a new sort to replace it which from one or two hints in Mr. Brie's book I judge will be something like this. You will keep it at your present garage, start it up, I hope, with a self-starter, and letting in a clutch to the wheels, trundle off to the nearest open space—cricket-pitch or tennis court. There you will spread out the rotor blades closed like a fan above your head, start up the rotor and fly away. In a very little while I think there will be as many machines of this sort in the air as there are £500 cars upon the roads to-day. They will be as safe and as cheap to run, but there will be traffic everywhere overhead, our small world will be smaller yet, and privacy will be impossible. But thanks to Cierva the really hideous death-roll which would inevitably follow on a wide popularisation of the aeroplane will be avoided.

DAVID GARNETT

## NEW NOVELS

**To Make My Bread.** By GRACE LUMPKIN. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
**Durbar.** By DENNIS KINCAID. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
**Day Gone By.** By ERIC BARKER. *Stanley Paul.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
**Fog.** By ELIZABETH FORD. *Chapman and Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
**The Laughing Philosopher.** By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. *Chapman and Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

From the complex quality of interestingness in an author's mind will proceed the interest of his characters. Even should his powers of expression be low, his command of technique poor, his characters will not be wholly dull; for words are to a considerable extent foolproof and transparent, and even used by a bungler let through some of his knowledge, intuition, individuality, to illuminate his subject. Everyone knows how entrancing the observations of an acute mind can be even upon a trivial concern: a Tolstoy will make a Mrs. Brown buying a packet of tea hold our attention. In *this* sense, subject is irrelevant. But here looms, as Henry James would say, the larger question of the propriety of subject to author. What human situation rouses in a novelist his most intense imaginative response? What fiction can he devise which shall most fully embody the deepest knowledge that is in him? How shall he slough off the second-hand impressions, emotions, thoughts, with which we are all cumbered, and choose material with which he is capable of being in naked contact? An honest author usually knows, sooner or later, on which page, at which line, "inspiration" has lapsed, and he has consented to write from a shallower level of his being. There are no rules for guidance. Miss Dorothy Edwards can make a sheer statement that Mrs. Brown asked for Brooke Bond's reverberate in a context of similar sheer statements; Mrs. Woolf can make time flow over the tea-tables of a whole existence; a madman of Mr. Faulkner's, obsessed with the desire to poison the cup, can draw the reader's faculties to a new harmony with that mysterious sense of the interfusion of opposites. There is no recipe, and a borrowed recipe is almost always bad.

Miss Grace Lumpkin has not an interesting mind, but because she has known, in *To Make My Bread*, how to choose a subject which fits her like a glove, she has produced good, unpretentious work. She is immensely at home with the family of McClures who, in the southern States of America, struggle on a small farm with cold and hunger, and later, led to the town by illusory promises of prosperity, struggle while working in the cotton mills with poverty, ill-health and ignorance. At sight of 400 pages odd, on almost every one of which the word "it" is pronounced with an h, the heart may well sink, but after a few pages a steady rhythm begins to make itself felt, the low-toned, unstressed grimness of life with every detail of which we become familiar takes its hold. The book for three-quarters of its length is solid and satisfying, somewhat in the Dreiser manner but without that occasional element of greatness which is somehow connected with the patient insistence of Dreiser's appalling style. Miss Lumpkin's style is perfectly colourless. She is so determined to let facts speak for themselves that she refuses to raise her voice above a flat, slightly nasal monotone, and this is a fault on the right side, since any sentimentalising of the McClures, any comments about humble heroism, would be intolerable. Even as it is, disquiet rises in one when it becomes obvious that we are heading for a strike in the cotton mills; even the flat monotone becomes faintly tremulous towards the end when the hero's sister is killed by the strike-breakers. Propaganda creeps in—Miss Lumpkin relinquishes her deepest level when she ends her book with the following piece of dialogue:

> "I was feeling," John said, "as if everything was finished."
> "No," John Stevens said. "This is just the beginning."

Thus the integrity of *To Make My Bread* is not complete; something naive and journalistic in the later chapters mars the solid, innocent, satisfying dullness of the whole.

Let no one be deterred from reading *Durbar* by the over-writing of the opening pages; this lusciousness, which recurs now and then throughout, is a harmless fault of inexperience. Mr. Kincaid must bank more on the intelligence of his readers and not remind them each time Indian servants are mentioned that they are barefooted. His story concerns political intrigue in a native State, of which the English Resident is profoundly ignorant, and which comes to a head on a day of celebration. The story's chief merit is that it gives the author opportunities for describing fragments of Indian life; the fifteen pages devoted to the domestic interior and private religious ceremonials of the Brahmin Prime Minister Nana Sahib are, for instance, quite excellent. The book's affinities are with *Hindoo Holiday* (since then, every rajah has to speak "dimly") rather than with *A Passage to India*; it is on a modest scale, giving the events of one day, and attempting only in a very small way to pose the problem of understanding between the native and the British Raj. But it reinforces the impression made by Mr. Forster's profound book that with such Englishmen in charge no understanding is possible: no Indian could be expected to say what he meant to a Major Hilton. Not that Mr. Kincaid guys his compatriots; he is dispassionate, though far from inhuman. He has composed a good piece of entertainment and has created, in Nana Sahib, one very interesting and absolutely convincing character. His publishers have produced a most agreeable book.

Mr. Barker, the author of *Day Gone By*, is psychologically juvenile, and that hero of schoolboys, Mr. Bernard Shaw, must be held partly responsible for a lamentably facetious prologue, in which the theme of the book is foreshadowed in terms of the Stone Age, with the protagonists speaking cockney. But the book which follows is not as bad as that, is, indeed, quite readable, though it belongs to that large, worrying class which aims at a philosophy and is pseudo-highbrow without an adequate background of education or natural gifts. Its theme is the creative impulse of youth thwarted by fate in the guise of business-bound parent; but as Mr. Barker never convinces us that his Lionel is anything like a good enough painter to justify his throwing away his livelihood our sympathy remains with the benighted father; nor is the story strengthened by being carried over to a third generation. The book has one of the ugliest wrappers I have ever seen.

Miss Elizabeth Ford belongs to very much the same large, vague, quasi-intelligent class of novelists as Mr. Barker. *Fog* is ingenuous and at moments reads like *Peg's Paper*:

> Marvellously good looking, with a courteous deference of manner that charmed her from the first, he singled her out at once for special attention.

In the same vein, one of its chief characters is a lunatic who creeps about in the fog stabbing people with a carving knife. Yet *Fog* is not a shocker, and there are doubtless people in existence who would call it a "thoughtful" book. The lunatic, for instance, is sympathetically described: his is a noble nature deranged by cruel circumstance. But the only quality which would lend such a hotch-potch merit—intensity—is wanting; we are offered sweetness instead. Sweetness is the trouble, too, with *The Laughing Philosopher*, a whimsical, very consciously sophisticated story about Pierrot the artist, his marriage, the advent of Care and Monsieur Chagrin, Pierrot's desertion of Pierrette and her fidelity.

E. B. C. JONES

## THE WANDERING QUEEN

**Christina of Sweden.** By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. *Arthur Barker.* 10*s.*

Miss Goldsmith has written an inevitable, too long delayed "psychological" study of Christina of Sweden. And in such a correlation "psychological" means "sexually abnormal." That Christina's life was dominated by the fact of her abnormality has been so obvious that the moment a biographer has said so frankly the book is written almost before it is begun.

But Miss Goldsmith has put it all down, her parents' disappointment at her being a girl, her contempt and hatred for her futile mother, her adoration of her father, the great Gustavus Adolphus, her inferiority complex about her sex and appearance, the fact that she was born to be "King" of Sweden, her grotesquely unimaginative and over-masculine bringing up, her unlimited capacity of acquiring information. Christina was elaborately nurtured into Lesbianism.

If Christina could have faced the idea of marriage, she certainly would never have abdicated, and hence her abnormality becomes, in the most obvious sense, the determining factor of her career. But Miss Goldsmith acutely suggests that her dislike of Sweden and desire to get away from it at all costs were also psychological in origin. Inverts nearly always think that they will be happier abroad, and Rome meant to the seventeenth century what Montparnasse has come to mean to the twentieth. Miss Goldsmith is very clever at these sort of comparisons. She makes an attractive portrait of the Queen, with her democratic frankness, her love of learning, her hatred of Jew-baiting, her warm affec-

tionate disposition, and her love of peace. In fact, her refusal to go on with the Thirty Years War, a refusal which exasperated Oxenstiern and does equal credit to her courage and her heart, is the only practical achievement of her life. But she always enjoyed busying herself with the peace movement, and Miss Goldsmith thinks that had she lived in the twentieth century she would have joined that large army of unsatisfied women who are never happy far away from Geneva.

The only weakness of Miss Goldsmith's book is that she completely fails to account for the central fact in Christina's life, the murder of her servant, Monaldeschi. Miss Goldsmith obviously finds this incident so painful that she shirks it as much as possible and then excuses it by those general explanations that explain nothing. Her servant, Monaldeschi, it may be remembered, was "executed" at her order, in rooms which had been put at her disposal at Fontainebleau, where she was awaiting the arrival of Louis XIV and his Court. The reasons for this act of "summary jurisdiction" remain obscure. Miss Goldsmith thinks that Monaldeschi transmitted to the Spanish Ambassador Christina's project for becoming Queen of Naples, which she was elaborating at this time to Mazarin. Everyone at the moment was horrified, and it is useless for Miss Goldsmith to point out that nations still declare war on each other, that high treason is still a capital offence, that Gustavus Adolphus executed three noblemen who had become Roman Catholics, or that Louis XIV was not shocked. None of these comparisons hold. Christina had retired sensationally from the sovereignty. Monaldeschi was her chosen personal attendant and she had him murdered without explanation when a guest in someone else's house. It is impossible to imagine Louis XIV behaving in such a manner. Further, such an act fails to agree with Miss Goldsmith's portrait. Of course, Christina may have been merely a victim to a *crise de nerfs*, though she seems to have suffered no reaction after the crime. Otherwise there must have been a streak of ferocity in her character, which Miss Goldsmith omits. The mere fact that the murder created such a sensation throughout Europe proves it to have been far from the almost conventional act of sovereignty, which her apologist pretends to consider it. A "psychological" study should not omit the psychology of murder.

This is the only grave criticism that can be proffered on Miss Goldsmith's lively and intelligent biography. Some sentences of obscure construction will remind the reader that Miss Goldsmith is perhaps more familiar with German than with English. But in the main this is a well-written book, and will provide the setting for the life of that wandering, futile, frustrated and unhappy Queen which modern readers desire. Christina was one of the most admired personalities of the seventeenth century and her charm and mystery are with us yet. FRANCIS BIRRELL

## INDIAN PROBLEMS

**Indian Industry and its Problems.** By H. R. SONI. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

**Renascent India.** By H. C. E. ZACHARIAS. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Storm Over India.** By HARRY J. GREENWALL. *Hurst and Blackett.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Most of the books now published about India fall easily into three classes—economics, nationalist propaganda, and attacks upon the proposed reforms. Here are typical specimens of each. They are almost recognisable from their dust-covers. The prolific school of modern economics are soberly clad, but their works are more cheerful reading than the others. Dr. Soni, like so many of his contemporaries, thinks for himself, and refuses to accept the confused economics and dubious history which Digby, R. C. Dutt, and others popularised in India a generation ago. It is a hopeful sign when a teacher at Benares University can write of the old national industries that "had India been left to herself by Britain they would have been destroyed just the same in course of time, while the introduction of the new system would have been a slow process, especially as it would have presented many material and cultural difficulties." Dr. Soni is equally level-headed when he argues that no industrial development will absorb any large proportion of the growing population, and that "every weapon which was used at any time in the history of the world is being used in India to assist industries at the present time." His well-balanced volume, the first of three, is one of several recent works which show the development of a sound indigenous school of economists, keenly nationalist but refusing to allow that there is any easy solution to India's difficulties.

*Renascent India* is clad in brighter hue, for it deals with modern politics, but it is strictly sober in title and design. Dr. Zacharias knows the India which he describes, the India of educated Hindus, of social and political movements, the India which was Mr. Gokhale's and is now Mr. Gandhi's. The author's own sympathies are with the Liberals, due to his long connection with the Servants of India, and the most original portion of the book deals with these Western Indian developments. His account of recent political events is written from the conventional moderate nationalist standpoint—the extremists are sometimes wrong, but always forgivably; the English are never right. For example, Tilak's deliberate advocacy of falsehood in propaganda is deplored, but excused on the ground that he believed that he was engaged in a war, in which case it is difficult to understand why the author objected so strongly to his trial. Similarly the book gives a totally false impression of the importance of the last Afghan War, and in describing the Karachi Congress of 1931 he omits to mention the appalling Cawnpore riots of the same date, which had such an influence on Congress policy, on Hindu-Moslem relations, and on the Government's attitude to Congress activities.

*Storm over India* is naturally more flamboyant, for it wishes to show us an India not politically conscious and repressed but uncivilised and rebellious, and full of every form of social and sexual aberration. Across a scarlet India is written the author's intention of "hiding no truths, but exposing many lies." Mr. Greenwall is an experienced European journalist, who went out to India for the *Daily Express* early in 1932. He seems to have disliked most of what he saw on his first visit to the East, and has come to the conclusion that the only way to save India is the policy of Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Lloyd, and the return to India of the many "Josh Sedleys," "the tired old men of India who must be brought home, and replaced by younger men, who will stand no nonsense." The author is at pains to meet the charge of superficiality usually brought against the travelling journalist, but there is not the faintest evidence in this book that he has studied recent, or any, Indian history, and the book is full of the most obvious solecisms, interspersed with banal descriptions of Eastern travel. We are advised to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight, and informed that "athletics in the villages are unknown," as if every other Deccan village had not its hut set apart for wrestling. The chapter on the religions of India is so bad as to be really funny. In four pages Hinduism is well slapped and put in its place. Incidentally, if Mr. Greenwall really wishes to know the proportion of Moslems descended from Hindus he can find the information in census reports. His statement is quite inaccurate.

## DEPRESSIONS

**Purchasing Power and Trade Depression: A Critique of Underconsumption Theories.** By E. F. M. DURBIN, B.A. *Cape.* 6*s.*

**Booms and Depressions: Some First Principles.** By IRVING FISHER, LL.D., Professor of Economics, Yale University. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The economic interpretation of history is peculiarly fitted to the history of economics proper. The preoccupations of early nineteenth-century England, with her growing population and intensive agriculture, gave us the theories of population and of rent; the rise of American big business focused attention on the analysis of monopoly, and the post-war inflation gave an enormous impulse to the development of monetary theory. In the same way, the localised British depression of the 'twenties and the world slump following 1929 have concentrated the main currents of economic thought in all countries on the problem of the Trade Cycle. There has, of course, been a mushroom growth of cranks armed with infallible panaceas; there has also been a laborious working out of new theories by more responsible thinkers. Much of the results of this work is inaccessible to the general public. It is written by economists for economists and largely about economists; it is buried in specialist journals; much is available only to the polyglot, and much has never reached print at all. None of what has done so can be described as easy reading. The irresponsibles, meanwhile, serenely confident in their inner illumination, address the man in the street direct, and among the irresponsibles none have had wider publicity than the various exponents of crude underconsumption theory. The cruder the

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**Purchasing Power and Trade Depression**
E.F.M. DURBIN a critique of Under-consumption Theories 6s. *net*

## RONALD FRASER

### Tropical Waters

'There are times when this novel is unlike anything on earth except a P. G. Wodehouse novel written by Mr. Charles Morgan.' REBECCA WEST in the *Daily Telegraph*

'What makes this book so irresistibly attractive is the pen of Mr. Fraser. It is irridescent writing in which humour and sensuousness are mixed, the result is to me completely charming.' SYLVIA LYND in the *News Chronicle* 7s. 6d. *net*

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

theory, the more popular; "to some," says Mr. Durbin in his closing paragraph, "it has appealed as sound business sense; to others it has come as a first intellectual discovery; and to the great mass of its believers it represents a golden cure for poverty and distress, for insecurity and unemployment, and opens the road to a better economic order." The orthodox economists have been none the more willing on that account to take the underconsumptionists seriously or to meet them on their own ground.

Mr. Durbin's book is designed to remedy this state of affairs. He examines one by one the various theories of underconsumption, rejecting out of hand the patently absurd, and carefully analysing the weaknesses of the rest; and finally relates, convincingly enough, what seems to him their genuine element of truth to the parallel development of more orthodox analysis. Thus he attempts to give at once a reliable picture of contemporary Trade Cycle controversy, from Keynes and Hayek, through Hawtrey and Hobson, down to Major Douglas, and a personal contribution to a final synthesis. He explicitly and rightly denies any claim to have completely succeeded. To have done so he would have had to combine the virtues of a perfect text-book, a perfect controversial essay, and a perfect popular pamphlet; and even so, given impeccable summary, flawless logic and cogent propaganda, it is highly unlikely that he could convince the great mass of vaguely inflationist public opinion that it is on the wrong tack, or propound a final solution to the problem of the circulation of money within the economic system. *Purchasing Power and Trade Depression* is, in fact, an interim report on one of the most difficult aspects of contemporary economics. Readers who take it up expecting an easily grasped finality will be disappointed. They should not be misled on that account into underrating its importance or its merits. The latest developments of economic science still await their Eddington or their Jeans; meanwhile, Mr. Durbin's book, whatever the ultimate fortunes of his attempt to reconcile underconsumptionism with orthodox equilibrium theory, does at least something to bridge the gap between the inaccessible professional economist and the bewildered but conscientious citizen.

Professor Irving Fisher's latest work on the Trade Cycle differs widely in emphasis and manner from Mr. Durbin's essay. In this case the more distinguished writer has indisputably produced the less distinguished work. Mr. Durbin has filled a real lacuna in economic literature; Professor Irving Fisher has, to put it bluntly, produced a rehash. He begins with a theoretical analysis of the structure of credit, but the analysis is superficial and fails both to explain satisfactorily how "over-indebtedness"—the first symptom of impending crisis—comes about, and to draw the distinction, which Dr. Hayek has shown to be all-important, between changes in the general price level and concomitant changes in the relative prices of various kinds of goods. This superficiality, though it does not prevent Professor Fisher from giving a recognisable account of a typical slump with its "vicious spiral" towards economic paralysis, leads him to a theoretical conclusion equally superficial; stabilise the dollar according to a price index, and all will be well. His review of competing theories (whose anonymity could surely have been unveiled in footnotes if not in the text itself) is sketchy in the extreme; he is no believer, evidently, in the comparative method.

From this preliminary analysis he passes to a factual account of the 1929 crisis—the events leading up to it, and the ensuing slump. The spread of the investment habit in the States, reckless foreign lending, the reparations question, inter-Allied debts, tariffs, the Wall Street boom—the story has been told often enough already, though we in this country are perhaps sufficiently unfamiliar with the American point of view, notably on "sterilized" gold reserves, to make the retelling worth while. There is no mention of the various abortive attempts at stabilising the prices of particular commodities, surely worth consideration as contributory factors in the general dislocation of prices. The most striking point made in these chapters is that in spite of all the frenzied liquidation of the last three years the real burden of debt in the U.S.A. increased by 29 per cent. between 1929 and mid-1932. Wage-earners and entrepreneurs, it is to be inferred, are still bearing the brunt of the deflation; "letting things slide" is likely at this rate to be a lengthy method of cure. This section is illustrated with useful charts and statistics.

Finally we come to remedies. Unemployment relief, public works, increased industrial efficiency, flexibility in credits, the settlement of international indebtedness, and measures to prevent the pyramiding of bank credits—all these are dismissed as palliatives of varying but inadequate importance. The real remedy, in practice as in theory, lies in the treatment of the "dollar disease," first by reflation to a level which splits the difference between the boom values of 1929 and the catastrophe values of 1932, then by regulation through the rediscount rate and open market operations, under Government control. The question of gold ratios should be met by altering the gold content of the dollar according to movements in the price index; and as an immediate short cut out of the depression Silvio Gesell's stamped-money scheme receives a last-minute blessing. The administrative feasibility of any or all of this machinery of stabilisation is possibly open to question. The subsequent effects of the stable price level once achieved in masking just such another increasing disequilibrium between saving and investment, consumption prices and capital prices, are not discussed at all. Readers who choose *Booms and Depressions* as their introduction to Trade Cycle theory will find it all encouragingly plain sailing, but they will have a great deal to unlearn afterwards. As for Professor Irving Fisher, it is to be hoped that sooner or later he will encounter, and read, *Purchasing Power and Trade Depression*.

HONOR CROOME

## ANGEL INFANCY

**The Innocent Eye.** By HERBERT READ. *Faber.* 6s.
**Now a Stranger.** By HUMBERT WOLFE. *Cassell.* 6s.
**No Time Like the Present.** By STORM JAMESON. *Cassell.* 6s.

"Genius," remarks Baudelaire, in one of his essays, "is but childhood recaptured at will." The sensations of childhood, he goes on to explain, have a vividness that mere talent must sometimes envy, though the child is incapable of recording them. "For the child everything is *new*; he is always *intoxicated*. Nothing bears a more striking resemblance to what is called inspiration than the joy with which forms and colours are absorbed by the child." In this, as in most of Baudelaire's critical dicta, there is a touch of deliberate exaggeration, intended to stir up a sluggish opponent. Yet many artists would agree that he was right; Mr. Herbert Read, author of *The Innocent Eye*, and Mr. Humbert Wolfe, whose memories of a provincial upbringing are set forth in a little book called *Now a Stranger*, would undoubtedly assent to the poet's thesis and might well have chosen to display it upon their title pages. They remember childhood not as a period of angelic purity—which, heaven knows, the average childhood is far from being—but as a period when our senses retained their edge.

Such is the burden of these three studies. Less devotional than Vaughan or Traherne, Mr. Read does not retrace his youthful footsteps in the hope of catching a glimpse of the City of God:

> Oh, how I long to travel back,
> And tread again that ancient track!
> That I might once more reach that plain
> Where first I left my glorious train,
> From whence the enlightened spirit sees
> That shady city of palm trees. . . .

—but looks to them to solve the riddle of adult life—of adult creative life, particularly—with its maze of half-obliterated associations:

> If only I can recover the sense and certainty of those innocent years, years in which we seemed not so much to live as to be lived by forces outside us . . . then I am convinced I shall possess a key to much that has happened to me in this other world of conscious living. The echoes of my life which I find in my early childhood are too many to be dismissed as vain coincidences; but it is perhaps my conscious life which is the echo, the only real experiences in life being those lived with a virgin sensibility—so that we only hear a tone once, only see a colour once, see, hear, touch, taste and smell everything but once, the first time. All life is an echo of our first sensations, and we build up our consciousness, our whole mental life, by variations and combinations of these elementary sensations. But it is more complicated than that, for the senses apprehend not only colours and tones and shapes, but also patterns and atmospheres, and our first discovery of these determines the larger patterns and subtler atmospheres of all our subsequent existence.

It is therefore in a mood of lyrical seriousness—very different from the mood of sentimental expansiveness, in which many writers attempt to evoke their childhood—that he sets off *à la recherche du temps perdu*. His style is smooth and, though his description of a fox-hunt might fail to win the approval of sporting critics, his impressions are singularly vivid. Every paragraph makes up a rhythmical entirety; and the result is a very pretty book.

Mr. Wolfe's method is more diffuse. He, too, begins by postulating that a child's sensations are keener than the sensations of a grown man, who has learned to see the world with accustomed eyes :

> What is vivid in a child's mind? All its apprehensions of objects are obviously fresher and more intimate than those of the adult. Sight is clearer, sound sharper, touch more sensitive, taste and smell more immediate. . . . The experience of the skin of the body is also that of the spirit. The acute freshness goes, and words, the same in their spelling, are leagues removed in their connotation. It is useless to say that to a child grass appeared green or a hill lofty. The quality of the one was not " greenness," of the other " height " as the adult knows these qualities. There is as great a difference as is to be observed in the face of the beloved before and after love.

In other words, habit has been at work. For the meadow, a waving and shining prairie, a source of heady odours and strange sounds, has been substituted an intellectual concept—a green field, soon to become cattle-fodder—and what we behold is not the object, but its idea. The same fate overtakes the boldest eminence ; Henry James in *A Small Boy and Others* describes how he came to London as a child and lodged with his parents on Hay Hill. He was much disappointed, many years later, when he revisited this never-forgotten site, to observe, instead of a street that was almost a precipice, a few yards of gently ascending cobblestones.

One would like to know if Mr. Wolfe has revisited Bradford. His recollections of life in a Jewish family, against the background of a smoky northern town, have a vividness that renewed acquaintance might only blunt. They are romantic because irrecapturable and far away. At least one reader of this volume has found in Mr. Wolfe's reminiscences a poetry sometimes absent from his verse—though the " poetic " note is never unduly strained—in combination with a sound grasp of human character. *No Time Like the Present* is less satisfying ; Miss Jameson has written a delightful account of the ship-building seaport in which she was reared, and of her mother, that heroic, formidable woman :

> We took many of these long journeys together. Once a woman in the carriage said : " That's a good bairn of yours. She ha'n't cried once." A few moments later she was laughing : " It seems I spoke too soon."
>
> " No one had asked you to speak at all," my mother said.

She continues the story up to the threshold of her adult life. Unfortunately, the second part of the book is controversial rather than autobiographical, and consists of a spirited defence of pacifism. One admires the author's sincerity and accepts her arguments ; but her book as a work of literature is not improved.

## LIONS AND GAZELLES

**General Impressions.** By E. M. DELAFIELD. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**All I Survey.** By G. K. CHESTERTON. *Methuen.* 6*s.*

**Y. Y., An Anthology of Essays.** By ROBERT LYND. Selected with an introduction by EILEEN SQUIRE. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**English Leaves.** By E. V. LUCAS. With 16 plates. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

Miss Delafield is a lion among essayists, if such short sketches as these, reprinted from *Time and Tide*, can be called essays. The particular dullness of suburban life daunts her no more than the dullness of the provinces. She extracts comedy from the frozen politeness of bargain sales, from the insincerities of house-agents, even from the parade of clichés which supplants conversation among people who weary each other. She enjoys, too, blowing the gaff of the wretched novelist. His two types of husband, his wistful father and his sickening little boy (" Has *your* heart ever been broken, Daddy ? "), his Modern Girl and his prostitute are cleverly mimicked ; but the best of the bunch are the sons, daughters and grandmothers of the soil. The sons stride across the moor in enormous boots, smelling of sweat ; the daughters, who have infernal passions, talk in agricultural similes (" My hair it is like the red bindweed that the curlews nest in come April "), the grandmothers gaze and gaze at the horizon. Miss Delafield's original characters are pale in comparison with her caricatures. The ex-officer crawling to extract money from a rich relation is well dramatised ; so is the young woman in love, amazed at the identical folly of older women. But none of these people has subtlety or independent life.


# The Case of Barker

" Who makes your clothes ? " asked Barker.

" Goss," replied Stevens.

" The fellow who advertises in the STATESMAN ? "

" The same."

" I've read his advertisements. They are threatened with originality and are almost funny at times," remarked the cynic Barker, but " does he deliver the goods ? . . . Yes, of course, I see he does ! Some day I'll try him for a suit."

He did.

Lunching with Stevens on the day that Goss had been fitting his suit, Barker said : " That fellow Goss takes a deal of trouble over a suit. He has a nose for the right materials, and although he doesn't fuss and keep you hanging about for long, he takes infinite pains over his measuring and fitting."

" You talk like one of his advertisements," said Stevens.

★ ★ ★

A week or two later they met again.

" Well," said Stevens, " has Goss delivered the goods ? . . . But, of course, I see he has."

Barker now plays his part in Goss's main advertising campaign—the personal recommendation of customers.

---

Last week the papers reported substantial increases in employment. 26,000 extra, they said, in the tailoring trade. Goss has accounted for some of that 26,000. The two brothers have been harder at it this month than for two years past. They can still go a little harder, and can put a few more pairs of hands into activity. But they insist, as ever, on doing all measuring, cutting and fitting themselves.

For the high standard of tailoring, equal to any obtainable in London, Goss clothes are inexpensive. A suit now costs from Seven to Nine Guineas in the best materials, whilst thoroughly sound cloths are used in a Six Guinea suit. The tailoring is always the same, so naturally Goss prefers to use the best materials.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

# GOSS
## Tailoring

15 Newgate St., London, E.C.1

*Opposite Post Office Station* *'Phone : City 8259*

Mr. Chesterton's character as a lion is well established. His tail lashes as wilfully as ever; he jumps through the same old hoops of antithesis and paradox, making such words as anarchy and authority, dependence and independence meet in battle and change sides; he can still confound the literary cynic with spurts of genuine imagination, painting the world in vivid colours, setting it in some kind of historical order, exploding fallacies and exposing cowardice. If anything these essays are mellower now the "Dragon of anarchy and absurdity" is discovered to be moribund, needing no St. George to kill him off. Not that Mr. Chesterton's sword stays sheathed exactly. The green-blooded fish somebody found in the sea evokes a spirited comparison with the melancholy fishes of clubs and committees and schools, who rise on their tails to propose the "compulsory amputation of poor people." The decay of privacy becomes an excuse for dialectic fireworks. There is a useful essay on Chaucer, and, in "Thomas Gray," a satire on journalistic crassness. This is the way the Elegy was written, according to Mr. Chesterton's imaginary journalists:

> The poet comes and sits on a tombstone, or wherever he was supposed to sit, in the one and only churchyard of Stoke Poges, or whatever place be the rival of Stoke Poges. He hears the Curfew . . . produces a portable pen and ink . . . and writes down the first line . . . Then he looks round to make quite sure that there are some lowing herds winding over that particular lea, that the ploughman is present and doing his duty in plodding homeward his weary way, and that all the other fittings are in the offing . . . If . . . they are are all there and everything has been properly provided, he will then write the whole of the Elegy, steadily, right through, and not roll up his scroll or rise from his tombstone until he has left the unfortunate young man in the poem finally safe in the bosom of his Father and his God.

Unless sincerity is the mark of the lion, Mr. Lynd must be classed among the gazelles. He neither pillories nor excuses the common faults of men. A Christian in a world of sadists and vers-librists, he draws the sting from the Puritan conscience and, tapping gently on the anarchist vessel, shows by the evidence of the ear that it is hollow. To quote is to destroy the delicate web of Mr. Lynd's humour and even selection is difficult. Mrs. Squire was certainly right to include "Farewell to Tobacco" and "The Butt Gatherer" in this volume. There were of course too many to choose from; I personally regretted "The Bore." "The Dean," an essay in defence of interfering parsons, exemplifies the rare and beautiful anger of the gazelle.

Mr. E. V. Lucas is only a gazelle because he is not a lion. He refrains politely from saying anything that might annoy the rudest reader; but literary taste is his Achilles' heel, he can't help beginning an essay like this: "Should, very wisely in good weather, the traveller . . ." and a painter of cattle-pictures is dismissed in this manner: "He endowed the city with an art school, where, I take it, his sister the cow is as honoured as she should be." "English Leaves" is a good guide-book to such monuments of Englishry as cricketers, Watling Street, Bath and Canterbury, in the sense that all the easily assimilable information has been quite nicely tacked together. It is not a real book because there are no ideas in it.

## THE USE OF THE GLOBES

**The Home of Mankind.** By HENDRIK VAN LOON. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Why is it that we are more upset when we hear that a few river-dwellers in Cheshire have been rescued from their bedroom windows in boats than when we learn the news of a flood in China which has drowned and will starve millions of Chinese? The answer is that we know the way from home to Cheshire but not to China, and we realise that Cheshire, but not China, is a home. It is useless to congratulate ourselves that the telephone, the radio and the aeroplane have brought China as near as Cheshire. This is dangerously untrue. The harsh little pellets of news from across the world patter quickly like hailstones on the efficient roofs of our minds. Under the roof our emotions are cosily tucked away: the hailstones slide safely off into the gutter. Nothing is easier than to make an emotional journey as soon as we read that Cheshire parlours are afloat; our hearts, as we say, go out to the owners. We know the lie of the land, the look of the sky, the cut of the townships, the habits of the people all the way to Cheshire, a place where people very like ourselves work and play and triumph and suffer and die. But where and what on the mental map is China? It is beyond Europe and Asia, or if you go the other way, beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific. It would be an awful bother to get our bodies there. But a mental journey is about as easy as a voyage to the moon. "That Yang Tse Kiang must be a funny sort of river to slop over like that. It's a bad look-out for those poor devils," we say, and turn over to the cricket scores.

The geographer, who can help in this problem of mental transport, has two jobs. As scientist he helps the traveller to get about the world; as artist he displays its wonders to those who stay at home. How much better is his science than his art can be seen by opening an atlas. Maps have long ceased to be jolly with tritons and dolphins, mountains that look like obstacles and marvels that beckon to adventure. The modern map is flat, static, precise, and dead. A few stay-at-homes still love maps, but they are people with exceptional imaginations, who accept the challenge of a map as a mathematician goes for a difficult equation or a classic or Torquemada crossword. These few make the geographers' apparatus flower like the rose, adding height and depth, solidity and movement. But to many people, and to most children, even now the geographer offers not a living picture of the world but lists of features, physical, commercial, political, meteorological. One can get everything out of an ordinary geography book except a sense of moving seasons, moving waters, moving men, moving time.

But as soon as one opens Mr. Van Loon's book one is aware of a touch which may integrate these lifeless parts. It does not contain a modern map, but turn the dust cover inside out and you get a picture of the world on which sun and moon shine, ships sail, mountains stand up, and mermaids frisk their tails. And scattered through the text is a series of extremely odd sketches in which Mr. Van Loon makes a cheerful war on flatness and painstaking precision. It is as if the author were always throwing down his pen and saying "Hang it, I can't get it sharp enough in words, but look, it's like this"—and there, in a few rough lines, is an impression which, like a caricature, misses everything but the point. And all the way through this most vivid book runs the vivifying doctrine: If you would learn geography get a globe and draw your own pictures of what you see; eschew flatness; remember that lands move as well as waters; that people are working everywhere, and that there is no land which is not a home to people who are as important in their own estimation as you are in yours.

Mr. Van Loon begins with the curious remark that the human population of this planet could be packed in a cube half a mile each way, and that this boxful could be tipped over the precipice of the canyon of the Colorado River without inconveniencing any one but the occupants. Having thus given us our correct geographical dimensions he spends the rest of his book in marking how these puny creatures have displayed their powerful forces against the tremendous background of forest and desert, mountains and plains and sea. It is fun to mix history with geography; one can look at any region and watch how time has thrown across it successive swarms of men, hot with the lust of adventure and power, pressing on to find some new thing; scratching the surface for food or bright metal; stopping to build desirable residences for gods and men, or sweeping on to plunder and oppress and decay. Mr. Van Loon's chapters are full of vivid examples of the shaping by natural phenomena of the course of his boxful of explosive energy. But he looks on these proceedings with a cheerfully indulgent and indifferent eye. He has no formula to apply, no racial axe to grind, no civilisation to extol, no hero to praise except the little man who wants to live incommoded by conquerors. To him, with one eye on men and the other on mountains, one empire is very like another, and he ends his description of the development of most countries with an indulgent shrug of the shoulders: "It is their nature to." This vivid neutrality is so uncompromising that no one but the possessor of an eager adolescent mind will wholly approve of Mr. Van Loon. His account, for instance, of the partition of Africa is too much like scientific instructions for cutting up a succulent tropic fowl to please the shoulderers of the white man's burden. But humanitarians who are sombrely impressed by Mr. Van Loon's African view will hardly stomach his statement of the problem of the Japanese. This chapter is full of the necessitous howling of a wolf pack growing short of food. Well, says Mr. Van Loon, they must have food, mustn't they?

Mr. Van Loon ends by confessing that he does not really know the height of Kilimanjaro, or even how to spell it. This is bad news for precisionists who will find much else here to deplore. It also disqualifies his book as an engine of defeat for the matriculation examiners. But here is a picture of the world which should be looked at even by those who must point out that it is out of drawing.

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# THE SLUGGARD'S QUADRILLE

By THE LOBSTER

I

At Evening the devouring Tide
Of Night will wash me from your side.
I talk, and read, and play, and drink,
One eye upon the instant brink,
One eye upon the Dorsal Fin
That circles, ever closer in.
The Shark is greedy, strong and wise
(The only fish that blinks its eyes).
Its mouth with rows and rows of teeth
Is situated underneath.
But how avert, and how delay
The drowning of this Concrete Day?
The noble hills and landmarks dear
Are islanded, and disappear.
The water's dark and glistening lips
Nuzzle the steeples at their tips,
And far below, as though in wells,
I hear those Mournful Evening Bells.

The air is dark, the sea is dark,
Pressed close, and heaving, face to face
Like lovers in a secret place,
Like lovers in a gloomy park;
And someone passing near at hand
Hears murmuring sounds and words he cannot understand.

My darling books are grappling hooks
To clutch the fast receding shore.
And still I toil with midnight oil
To calm the gathering waters' roar.
In vain! In vain!
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
The anchor drags and Ah, my heart!
The trusted cables strain and part!

Alone, alone! I float alone!
The crazy timbers of my bed
Bear up with many a creak and groan
The uneasy weight of flesh and bone
And echoing box that is my head.

Never an oar, and never a compass,
Ambushed round by Shark and Grampus,
Without sail, without a helm,
Riding with short uneasy motion,
Soon the waves must overwhelm
This matchbox on a tainted ocean!
White horses arch their ribbèd necks,
And shake their manes across my decks.
Their baleful eyes the seas illume
All marbled with the drifting spume.
The vast reticulated skin
Breaks, and the ocean lets me in.
Ah! She founders by the prow!
Pity the wet sea-boy now!

Suspended in the glassy sea
The Shark is nosing up to me,
Hanging there like fruit in jelly.
He wallows over, shows his belly.
Shows his dreadful dreaming mouth.
How wonderful God's works appear,
Poor Jonah, when you see them near!
Ah, swallow, swallow flying south!
I'm frozen to stone by this head of a Gorgon!
He's swallowed the fig that grows on the thistle!
He's taken the pea right out of the whistle!
He's carried away the main pipe of the Organ.
But what does it matter? Oh what does it matter?
Life without Music is safer, though flatter.

Down through the clear entrails of the sea compressing, dilating,
Slowly, softly revolving; with a taut and delicate thrill
Slipping from side to side; perpendicular roller-skating,
Out of the noise of the storm and the tide, where the waters are fixed and still.

So falls a leaf that is dead,
Or the wingèd sycamore seed,
On a quiet autumn day,
With a motion gentle and gay
Fulfilling a gloomy need.
And the starlings wheel overhead.

There at last the body lies,
Feels the gelid silver sands
Trickle through its sleeping hands,
Lies at last where it would wish.
And in the green translucent skies
Wheel the voiceless tribes of fish.

But though full fathom five it lies,
No pearls are gendered in its eyes.
But oyster-like gummed sill to sill,
When they wake, they're oysters still.
Nothing rich and nothing strange
As coral breeds of this sea-change.
But in the joints, inert and placid,
Form crystals of the Uric Acid.

Then in the garden of my dreams,
Where the dark Panther growls and rumbles,
The Knife is waved, the Pie-crust crumbles,
Athene's Bird protests and screams.
I am the Owl. I am the Pie.
The Spoon, the Dish, the Panther—I.
And ere dawn whitens in the East
I celebrate the dismal feast.

Never mind, oh never mind!
Rest and Peace are hard to find.

II

Too soon, all too soon
Slides down the watery moon,
Draws from field and house and hedge
The Night-tide over the world's edge.
How salt, estranging, and how drear
The emerging shoals of Day appear!
Though here the waters still lie deep,
I hear the breakers in my sleep,
And feel the approaching shore.
The ceiling lowers with every billow,
And soon will break upon my pillow,
And I shall sleep no more.
That Land that loved me, now would kill.
Ah, leave me, leave me sleeping still!

Still ebbs the tide, and round my face
The surf begins to break and boil,
And lifts me from my quiet place,
And shakes me in its harsh turmoil,
And flings me on remorseless rocks,
And tears me, stifles me, and knocks
My senseless body, skin and bones

Like bags of walnuts on the stones.
At last it throws beyond its reach,
And leaves me stranded on the beach.

Half dead like Gulliver I lie
And little Hates, with cords and pegs
  And Lilliputian Despairs,
  Puncture my skin and pull my hairs,
Tie down my nerveless arms and legs
Beneath unanswering alien sky.

And when at last I turn my head,
What dreary flotsam round me spread!
What sponges, bladder-wrack, and shells!
What gloomy shapes! What fishy smells!
What brushes, towels, studs and pins!
What combs and razors, tubes and tins,
And little bottles from the sea
That hold no messages for me!

Too brown, upon the drying sand,
The daylight bakes me far too brown.
I leave my bed and turn inland,
Where rocks and precipices frown,
To seek the meadow and the town.

I rise with pain and leave my bed
To wash and curl my monstrous head
  And hang it in despair.
No Sugar that the grocer stocks
Brings back the hyacinth to my locks,
  Or gilds this greying hair!
I strive with nerves and senses dim
My buttons and my belt to trim,
  And set my shoulders square.
The Pobble can no more regain
Position One, though toes remain.

But when at length the desert yields
To the enamelled noon-day fields,
And all around the hills display
In the dear light of common day
Village and meadow, stream and town,
Sweet interspace of grove and down,
And sounds and smells, a loving train,
Crowd in to comfort me again,
Then to my heart a hope returns,
And once again the spirit burns!
I hail my friends across the street.
I feel the wings upon my feet.
And there, beneath the soaring larks,
I speak contemptuously of Sharks.

It is a dreadful thing for me
To find myself each night—at Sea.

Ah, Land! Dear Land, inconstant Land!
  Have I not fed you with my tears?
  Did I not, in my childish years,
Salute you with my royal hand?
Did I not love your Cakes and Ales?
Have I not praised your Nightingales?

III

The Dead shall rise again, they say.
They say the Sea gives up its dead.
Upon the ninth or seventh day
The Drowned stir in the oozy bed
And, like a guest who goes away
On sudden whim with nothing said,
Glide to the surface overhead.
The sea is stretched inert as lead
In the chill easter-morning air.
On its astonished face they spread
And burst, like lilies, there.

"Will you walk a little straighter?" said a clergyman I knew,
"There's a Porpoise in our life here, and a Task for me and you.
"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
"When they take us up and stand us all around the Glassy Sea!"
But I replied "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Could not, would not, could not, would not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?"
A Scaly Friend replied,
"So long as we can surely know
"There is no Other Side?"

Though suitorless, the careful web
I weave by day, by night's undone.
Ah, for that Flood that knows no ebb,
Whose western rim shall quench the sun!
Sunset, and Evening star,
And one clear call for me—
"Time, Gentlemen!"—across the bar,
And I'll put out to Sea,
And will encounter, pleased and brave,
The tideless ocean of the grave,
Where Ark can find no Ararat—
Content, if I am sure of that.
Where shafts of dawn no more will prise
The unwilling shutters of the eyes,
Nor find the body, gashed and splay,
Stranded upon the reefs of Day.

## THE CAFÉ VIEW

**Berlin.** By Joseph Hergesheimer. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, for some strange reason, is depressed by the fact that he is no longer very young. Love and letters, he feels, should not rightly be the property of the mature: to him there is "something absurd . . . about fat elderly men putting down the words of lyrical scenes and emotions." He is thus nobly envious of the adolescence of others, whether it be the steely youth of Germany, or the iron youth of Hungary: he is also nobly sympathetic to the obsolescence of what once was vital. Sacher's and Horcher's fill him with warm regret: "I would rather," he writes, "have been an archduke than become an enlightened democrat." Mr. Hergesheimer's is a curious frame of mind. And I for one, who delight in the strange moods of the elderly intelligent, am entranced when I accompany Mr. Hergesheimer through the cafés and *konditoreis* of Central Europe.

I have enjoyed his *Berlin* immensely. I like Mr. Hergesheimer's point of view. I am pleased with him for buying white stockings with a design of edelweiss in bright green. I am glad that he actually wore his leather shorts and the green hat with the Gemsbart which he bought in Munich. I am happy when I read how, in his locked bedroom of the Vierjahreszeiten, he tried on these strange garments before the mirror. These incidents convince me that Mr. Hergesheimer is odd as well as wise. This sort of discovery renders a book agreeable. Yet Mr. Hergesheimer, in his study of Central Europe, aims at, and achieves, something more serious than the merely companionable.

There is his method, in the first place, which should serve as a model to all travellers who desire to write a suggestive book about something so disguised as a foreign country. Mr. Hergesheimer chooses the plane of the immediately observable, and not for one instant does he depart from that plane. He is wise enough to know that he cannot hope to understand the background, but that his remarks upon the immediate foreground can be both stimulating and correct. He thus confines himself to surface impressions—to beer, bathrooms, hotel managers, barmen, night clubs, food, and chance acquaintances. And by the wholly deliberate use of the superficial method he is able (mistakenly at moments, and at moments with surprising intuition) to convey the atmosphere of Central Europe more vividly, and perhaps more correctly, than it could have been rendered by a wider or deeper examination.

The sort of thing, for instance, that we wish to learn from a book on modern Germany is how and why the Nazi movement arose. We want to know what has happened to the old liberalism of Germany, or why the proud pundits of Potsdam can to-day tolerate an Austrian non-commissioned officer as their leader. We want some explanation as to the intellectual collapse of Germany, of how it comes that so many serious and upright people should surrender without a struggle. Mr. Hergesheimer does not

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answer any of these questions directly. The word "Nazi" does not occur throughout his book. But indirectly he supplies what I believe to be the main answer to the riddle. He suggests that the elder generations in Germany, and with them the family as a social institution, have ceased to count. Again and again does he remind us that in "the general air of fatalism" which descended upon Germany after inflation only the children retained any moral courage, any relics of self-confidence. He observes the cruelty of this adolescent courage, "an attitude sharp and relentless, searching, like a knife." He is quick to see that in this apparent self-confidence of the rising generation there is little optimism, even as there is no sentimentality. He observes only "a direct recognition, a faintly bitter but undisturbed acceptance, of all, all, the realities of existence"; he sees "a land without sentimentality; an obdurate and cold and disenchanted spirit"; he sees "a young world with almost no past, little present, and a problematic future." Mr. Hergesheimer is right to mark the distinction between the "light weariness" of Vienna and the "steady metallic scrutiny" of the new Germany. He may be right, also, in distinguishing an iron adolescence in Hungary. His main thesis does, I think, help us to understand the triumph of the Nazi movement and the sudden collapse of all overt opposition. It does not, however, provide an explanation of the enfevered cruelty of the last few months, even as it supplies no hints of future development.

Mr. Hergesheimer would rightly disclaim that any deeper analysis, any considered forecasts, were within the scope of his inquiry. He observed only what he saw from his café table. And, in that he is a man of wide intelligence, his observations are of unusual value. His book, therefore, is more than merely entertaining: it illumines some of the darkest areas of a problem which every thinking person must try to understand.

HAROLD NICOLSON

## FISHING FURIOUSLY

**The Roving Angler.** By HERBERT PALMER. *Dent.* 6s.

Not long since I heard that prince of anglers, Lord Grey of Falloden, make a speech in which, as I remember it, he said that the man who did not sorrow after a good fish hooked and lost was not a proper fisherman. Mr. Palmer, I feel, would go farther. He would sorrow after every hour of life that was not spent fishing or in search of fish. As a tiny boy he was seized by "the angling lust"—his own phrase—and, throughout his life, he has fished, wherever and whenever possible, with a sort of tigerish energy, and with every kind of lure. On laying down his book, which I read with interest from beginning to end, the chief impression left upon my mind is that of the terrific energy of the man. It is very like the energy of his favourite dale rivers, rolling untiringly along their rough boulder-strewn beds and rising at times to a sudden spate which hurls every obstacle aside and changes the whole character of the valley. In order to get fish he is prepared to make any effort—effort that often seems superhuman—except, curiously enough, to get up early in the morning. But he will stay up all night. In a chapter entitled "A Night and a Day on Scotch Waters" he tells us how, carrying his food with him, he fished for the greater part of twenty-four hours, walked, climbed and scrambled over twenty miles of high moorland and eventually staggered, dizzy with exhaustion, into a local inn. At the age of nineteen he walked fifteen miles over rough uplands to reach a coveted stretch of the Yorkshire Esk, fished all day in a very heavy snowstorm and struggled back, through the snow after dark, realising that he was in danger of being lost and that that danger carried with it the danger of death from exposure. If the stream he is fishing does not appease his craving for fish, he tramps over moor and fell to the next valley, or it may be the one beyond, regardless of distance. One almost needs a map to follow him on a day's fishing.

My quarrel with Mr. Palmer, if I have a quarrel, is this. Angling should not be a lust; it should be a pastime. I am glad to catch good fish; but I protest, or admit as the case may be, that I have no angling lust. I maintain that angling is an art in which the practice—and the associations—are more important than the achievement. Nevertheless, every good angler must needs wish to learn all about how to catch fish and Mr. Palmer has much to teach, particularly as to the catching of fish in the rivers of his favourite dales and in the German Eifel and Ahr. He tells us what flies to use and what material to use in tying them. I remark, in passing, that he hardly ever refers to birds except as the source of suitable material for artificial flies. He is very particular about the patterns of flies and variations of them for different seasons. For my part, my sympathies are with that clergyman of the Midlands whom he met on his beloved Swale. This clergyman pinned almost his whole angling faith to Greenwell's Glory and he caught fish. This so astonishes Mr. Palmer that he suggests that he must have prayed over the fly. But may it not be, as others hold besides me, that the size of the fly and the manner of its presentation count for more than the details of the pattern? In the matter of angling there are many schools of thought—that is one of the many reasons why anglers are such good company—and, for my part, I have little faith in a multiplicity of flies.

One chapter of the book is devoted to escapes from drowning. So passionate an angler as Mr. Palmer is almost bound to get into difficulties and dangers from time to time; but there are few, I think, of those, at any rate, who have waded moorland and mountain rivers to whom this chapter will not recall some horrid moments when they had waded deep and far, picking their way, and could not find the way back to land, and realised that the river was rising. It is bad enough in any circumstances; worst of all when you are all alone and are conscious not only of the danger of your situation but of a horrible, overwhelming sense of loneliness.

It is in the short concluding chapter of the book, entitled "Roads," that the author seems to me to find—or to reveal—his soul. At intervals throughout the book he denounces the modern roads; in this chapter, after a hearty preliminary curse, he laments the old roads that are gone for ever. In most of the book his style seems to me to reflect the hurry and passion of his angling and the torrential passage of his favourite boulder-strewn rivers. But in the concluding chapter there are passages as quiet as this: "In the old days before the war," he writes, "most of the roads were white or brown, yellow or dove-grey. They were pleasant to walk on, pleasant prospects to contemplate as you sat down against hedge or stone wall. They beckoned to you with coloured fingers as they crept softly into the distance. They set off the landscape. They made the moorland look more purple, the green grass greener the woodlands more elfin and mysterious. They were beautifully companionable in a too wild and lonely landscape. They added a pleasant touch of discipline to shaggy brown uplands. Above all, they beckoned to you; they drew your feet onwards; they probed into distances beyond the setting sun where all days were holidays."

The beauty and the glory of the roads has departed, giving way to processional routes for the multiple modern Juggernaut of a mechanised age. And, in order that a mad world may move more swiftly on its mad career, we have taken thousands upon thousands of acres of good land out of cultivation, and by covering them with waterproof material have helped, at one and the same time, to starve our springs and to flood our watercourses. There are few anglers—and they are by no means the only sufferers—who will not feel with Mr. Palmer on the subject of roads.

I have no pretensions to criticise drawing; but I find Mr. Robert Gibbings' woodcuts a very pleasant addition to the attractions of the book.

MORYS GASCOYEN

## "DÉSORDRE"

**Modern German Literature.** By ARTHUR ELOESSER. Translated by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

This is an exhausting dictionary of German writers since 1870—but it must be so. For one thing, there are so many arresting, yet never first-rate, contributors to the German page of literature in these sixty years. For another, the muddled conflicts of the German mind make the treatment of the subject difficult. As Dr. Eloesser says, "The German possesses no recognised, easily perceptible forms in which to express his intellectual and spiritual attitude in a vivid, plastic form, and for this reason the Germans have always remained an unknown, disquieting, perplexing people among the peoples." They have, moreover, been so bitterly divided among themselves, even in the interpretation of their own past.

The story since 1870 is briefly that of a naturalistic period based on the facts of a newly industrialised world interpreted in the manner of Darwinian evolutionists, followed by what Dr. Eloesser calls a period of decadent neo-romanticism and then by the catastrophist war and post-war school. There was always a Nietzschean aroma until the war, and Ibsen's influence was strong; in general "Vienna was the city of talent, Berlin that of criticism."

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Among the poets Stefan Georg, the friend of the French Symbolists, of course, stands out—the creator of "static" poems formally more akin to the plastic than to the musical arts. He himself was the centre of a religious cult of "art for art's sake," while his favourite and his most gifted disciple was the Viennese Hoffmannsthal. Perhaps the most delightful work was Rilke's, the delicate Jew who was brought up in Prague and became private secretary to Rodin; but Dr. Eloesser scarcely does justice to the fantastic charm of Morgenstern. Among the women mentioned, probably the most interesting figure is that of the brilliant Lou Andreas-Salomé, the intimate friend of both Nietzsche and Rilke. As woman-novelist, Ricarda Huch receives the laurels.

After a full account of Gerhart Hauptmann's long and versatile career, from *Vor Sonnenaufgang* to *Der Ketzer von Soana* and *Till Eulenspiegel*, Sudermann seems a little neglected; although as playwright he is recognised to have possessed "the ease of a master to whom the machinery of stagecraft was a ready and obedient servant." From these East Germans, Dr. Eloesser then proceeds to the consideration of writers who may be roughly classed together as the Munich School. First there is the morbid, sensational vitality of Wedekind, then the re-emergence of the German novel from about 1900 under the leadership of Thomas Mann and Wassermann. "Thomas Mann's mode of work leaves no room for any adventures save those of the intellect, but it always observed the laws of historical inevitability, never shirking problems or failing to allow for chance occurrences." Of course, *Buddenbrooks* is important, but it is disappointing to have no mention of those gem-like fragments, *Frühes Leid* (Désordre) and *Mario und der Zauberer*.

Having dealt with the elaborate journalism of Keyserling and Spengler and the rationalism of Freud, Dr. Eloesser arrives at the post-war period. Here Döblin's *Alexanderplatz* and Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* seem to stand out as the best, and also the most typical, achievements. The moral of the epilogue seems rather obscure and unrelated; roughly its conclusion is "It remains for them (the German middle classes) to assert their cultural reserves and by administering them in an unselfish spirit to develop into an aristocracy that cannot be deprived of its intellectual heritage." ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

## A FARMER'S NOTEBOOK

**Hedge Trimmings.** By A. G. STREET. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

The plight of farming during recent years in this country has been, at least in part, due to the attitude to it of those who dwell in towns. One half of them seem to regard the farmer as a romantic figure, and "the land" as a "quaint" English institution which, like parliamentary government, has somehow survived into the twentieth century; the other half looks on farming as a blind alley occupation, long since abandoned by all those who have had sufficient intelligence to escape. Few people think of farming as what in fact it is, an industry which must be made to pay like other industries. Farmers themselves cannot escape all blame for this state of affairs; by nature, perhaps, they are taciturn men, and appear to become completely inarticulate when there is most need for them to state their case. They have also been singularly unfortunate in their self-appointed spokesmen, who tend to rush off on crusades that have little to do with cows. Mr. A. G. Street, however, is that rare phenomenon, a practical farmer who not only can write, but can write clearly and incisively and "knows his muttons." He first attracted attention with *Farmer's Glory*, an autobiography in which, with all the weight of his experience, he advocated the abandonment by English farmers of wheat growing and that England should become primarily a grass farming country, and he followed this up with a novel, *Strawberry Roan*, the heroine of which was a cow and which advanced the same theory. His new book is less solid than either of its predecessors, consisting as it does of short articles and sketches and of a series of broadcast talks given last year; but once again Mr. Street has succeeded both in writing of the country without sentimentality or affectation, and in bringing before the reader a detailed picture of a man who gets his living from the land.

These essays, indeed, cover a very wide ground. They deal vividly and accurately with ordinary farming processes, harrowing and hay-making and harvest. They make the labourers, on whom the farmer probably depends to a greater extent than does any other employer or his employees, appear as human beings and not as the impossibly simplified Hodges of ignorant if well-meaning novelists. Animals, including cows and pigs, whose cause Mr. Street continues to advance, are made to seem something more than mere stock-in-trade; and room is also found for subjects such as camping, the law of trespass, the increase of noise in the country, and farm sales. Mr. Street has interesting things to say of the invasion of the country by wireless, and the effect of rapid transport:

> While these modern delights have brought about a temporary depreciation in some respects, in many ways they have done good, and in the near future, on balance, their effect will be for the general betterment of the countryside. Villages are no longer isolated. The motor bus has made them into suburbs of the nearest market town. The villager is now conversant with the daily happenings and doings of his country. He is more alert. He has a broader outlook on life, and many other interests than his daily toil. Just at the moment, these outside interests perhaps make him less valuable as a farm worker, but in the future I think they will prove an asset, even in this respect.

Up-to-date as Mr. Street is in welcoming modern inventions which tend to improve either farming or the conditions under which farm labourers live, he is not entirely free from the conservative prejudices so often associated with farmers. He will, however, call forth general agreement when he says that if any good is to come to farming from politics, the policy must be a stable one over a period of years. He may, too, be relied on to provoke discussion, and his descriptive writing, devoid of any flamboyance, must arouse admiration. It is, indeed, a curious paradox that if there were more farmers with the practical intelligence of Mr. Street, there would be less reason for reading a book which, in present circumstances, should not be missed.

## THE IRRELIGION OF THE YOUNG

**Public School Religion.** Edited by ARNOLD LUNN. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

This is a surprising, in some ways an arresting, book. It should be read (mournfully) by all Anglicans and Public School masters, by Catholics complacently, and by atheists gleefully; but it should certainly be read.

Its scheme is as follows: There is, first, a contribution by Arnold Lunn, which is an indictment of the religious teaching given at our Public Schools. This is extremely well done; it is crisply and amusingly written; it is devastatingly effective, and it puts forward clearly a definite thesis. Briefly this is as follows. If Christianity is true, it is the most important truth in the world. Our Public Schools assume its truth, yet treat it as "a pleasant background for school activities," turn out young men who are completely ignorant of the elements of the faith in which they are supposed to believe, and consider it more important to produce athletes, gentlemen, and even at a pinch scholars, than Christians. As consequences, boys fall away from the Church directly they get to the University; Anglicanism is in palpable decline; Christianity everywhere is on the defensive. As remedies, Mr. Lunn demands a proper grounding in Church history and Christian apologetics—Paley is especially recommended—in order that, instead of producing professing Christians who, knowing not what they profess, are perpetually placed on the defensive by their uncomfortable suspicion that Christian beliefs may be nothing but a pack of superstitions that science has exploded, our Public Schools should teach young men to realise that Christianity is "a rational and coherent system of philosophy," not only defensible in the light of reason and modern knowledge, but infinitely more so than the "fine, confused diet of bosh provided by modern prophets anxious to substitute new creeds for old." To effect this end teachers and chaplains must disabuse their minds of the heresy that it doesn't matter what a man believes so long as he learns to behave (like a gentleman), and, refusing any longer to be content with a pass standard of Christian accomplishment, deliberately set out to "coach their pupils for supernatural honours."

To this indictment the Headmaster of Eton, the Bishop of Bradford, the Headmasters of Westminster and of Leys, an ex-master of Harrow, a House-master from Charterhouse, the Chaplain of Worcester College, Oxford, and an assistant master of Stonyhurst College seek to reply; and a poor enough job they make of it. The Headmaster of Eton is moderate, sensible and commands respect; the Bishop of Bradford concedes most of Mr. Lunn's case in a contribution which is the best of the bunch; the Catholic, with a comparatively easy task, performs it creditably. Yet the total effect produced by these contributors is lamentable. Seeking to answer Mr. Lunn's charges, over and over again they unwittingly endorse them. Not only are their doctrines vague and their practices divergent, there is no agreement among them even

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on points of fact. "Things are better than they were," says the Headmaster of Eton: he would be surprised if "the general attitude of a boy at the top of the school towards religion, is not far healthier and better than that of my contemporaries." There is in the boys of to-day "more real religion than there has ever been." "Things are much worse," says the Rev. E. C. Owen, ex-master of Harrow: "Before the War," he tells us, "the atmosphere was Christian, there were religious laymen in every school . . . the clerical members of the staff, whatever their faults, were almost all believers in the historical faith of Christendom, and the morality taught was uncompromisingly Christian. I fear none of these statements are any longer true, except perhaps the last. . ."!

And nowhere is there any answer to Mr. Lunn's contention that, if Christianity is true in what it asserts, it is a truth so important that the primary object of a boy's education should be nothing more nor less than to send him into the world a believing and behaving Christian. Do our Public Schools achieve this object? Emphatically they do not. It is claimed for them by the Rev. Force Stead that they turn out young men "with ideals of manliness and cleanliness, with the energy to engage in sports, and a capacity for reading and open discussion," young men who are even prepared to affirm that "the school chapel was bright and jolly and they got a lot out of it." In these things, the Rev. Force Stead goes on to assert—the cleanliness, the sport, the open discussion and so on—"they are showing forth something of the spirit of Christ." Possibly; possibly not! I am pleased, although surprised, to learn of this "capacity for reading and open discussion" among our Public Schoolboys, and I find, too, the conception of Christ as a sportsman a little surprising. But on the question of belief the writer concedes that, although "it was a lot," the young men were quite unable to say *what* it was that they "got out of" the school chapel. Exactly! says Mr. Lunn in effect, that is just my point. And when the Rev. Force Stead affirms that his young men "are nearer to being Christians than they know; they are good-hearted fellows and I like them," and proceeds to deduce their comparative nearness from their confession that they liked singing hymns, "and it was jolly all singing together," it is hard to resist the conclusion that, while seeking to answer Mr. Lunn, he has only too convincingly made out his case. To compare "this jolly singing together," this likeableness and this cleanliness with the tremendous claims of Christianity is to gauge the measure of its teachers' failure to make good these claims at our Christian Public Schools.

So far our sympathies have been engaged in Mr. Lunn's behalf. Can they remain so? It is doubtful. For what does the acceptance of his position imply? First, that all departures from the Christian creed, as he conceives it, are heresies which apparently may be extirpated by those time-honoured methods of the Church which civilisation rather than Christianity has repudiated. "We need to-day . . . to save Europe from heresies no less dangerous than those against which 'the hounds of God' were unleashed by St. Dominic." Apparently a Christian is to endear his creed to other people by hurting them until they consent to share it. Secondly, he threatens us with divine wrath to reinforce the angers of man, if we will not agree with him. It is, he warns us, "disastrous to disregard the supernatural." Thirdly, we must abandon our modern distrust of dogma and unhesitatingly impose it upon the minds of the young. "Religious teaching in the Public Schools and elsewhere," writes the Rev. E. C. Owen, who of all the contributors is most closely in agreement with Mr. Lunn, "must be dogmatic and authoritative," for "most ordinary people . . . like to be told what they are to believe." Compared with the importance of right belief, nothing, Mr. Lunn implies, really matters, and the Rev. Owen, after a terrific denunciation of modern morals, modern art, modern drama, and modern literature, all of which are said to be languishing for lack of Christian belief, reaches the menacing conclusion that "Against the dread enemy in our gates no effort is too great: no other question, unemployment, trade depression, not even the threat of war is comparable to it." Mr. Lunn's devastating exposure of the state of Anglicanism leaves the stronghold of Catholicism untouched. Catholic boys, if we are to believe Mr. Hollis, the Catholic contributor, leave their schools proud of their faith and within limits able to defend it, while at the University they are diligent in its observance. Catholicism permits none of those *demi-vierge* concessions to common sense which Mr. Lunn castigates so effectively under the name of "Modernism." Here unblushingly are dogma, are intolerance, are heresy-hunting. For Mr. Lunn's future home the Catholic Church is clearly indicated. The sooner he follows the indication the better pleased, I should imagine, will be the Anglican spiritual pastors, teachers and masters whom he has so signally discomfited.

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## THE KING OF INSTRUMENTS

**The Piano-Forte: A History of the Development of the Instrument up to the Great Exhibition of 1851.** By Rosamond E. M. Harding. *Cambridge University Press.* 50s.

This is one of the most comprehensive and most readable histories of the pianoforte in our language. To treat this subject exhaustively demands not only an exacting labour on the part of the author but, unfortunately, an almost equal effort on the part of the reader. This harmless-looking musical instrument, which in its various forms is still to be found in every English home where there is room and money for it, conceals an incredible number of ingenious contrivances and probably has more gadgets than any mechanical object of its size in existence. For the average musician or music lover who is not mechanically minded a single page description of any of its main components will be sufficient to produce a headache lasting a week. But to describe adequately such things in a pianoforte as the "hopper," the sound-board, the escapement, etc., etc., is not to be done in a page. To give an historical account of the slow development of any one of these things requires pages of diagrams and chapters of text so bewildering in their detail that most musicians if required to understand these matters would be driven to suicide.

It gives some measure, therefore, of the quality of Dr. Rosamond Harding's book that she succeeds in making this difficult subject intelligible and readable without sacrifice of accuracy or detail. This is achieved partly by relegating a lot of subsidiary material into a series of appendices, partly by a concise, clear style and a capacity to write short, pithy paragraphs, and partly by her approach to her subject, which may be summed up by quoting the first and second sentences of her book which read:

> A musical instrument is usually the outcome of some musical need; therefore, when tracing the history of any instrument, it is of the first importance to discover the underlying motives for its

invention. On this account, it is not proposed to discuss how the pianoforte *evolved* from those instruments which are usually called its "precursors," but to show how it was invented in response to new artistic ideals.

Another pleasing feature of Dr. Harding's treatise is its wealth of interesting quotations from Italian, French and German sources. When I read that the first English pianoforte made by Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, in 1711 was bought by Fulke Greville for one hundred guineas I was thrilled, thinking it was the famous poet who wrote:

> Mad girls may safely love, as they may leave;
> No man can *print* a kiss: lines may deceive,

but a moment's reflection made me realise that it must have been a descendant because Fulke Greville died in 1628. The inventor of the pianoforte was an Italian, Cristofori, who invented an instrument somewhere about 1709 which he called the *Gravicembalo col piano e forte*, and the first music written for the pianoforte was a set of twelve sonatas by Ludovico Giustini, published in Florence in 1732 and this year republished in facsimile for the first time by the Cambridge University Press, also edited by Dr. Harding. These sonatas are of real musical value and thoroughly deserved republication.

*The Piano-Forte* is a fine piece of book production and is illustrated with forty collotype plates and over one hundred text figures. W. J. T.

## SPOTLIGHT ON HISTORY

**The Celtic Peoples and Renaissance Europe.** By DAVID MATHEW. *Sheed and Ward.* 18*s.*

In a sub-title Father Mathew describes his book as "a study of the Celtic and Spanish influences on Elizabethan history," while in the Foreword he calls it "a study of the change in the structure of life in Britain." That is to say that its content is not easy to define precisely. Father Mathew travels from the death of Mary Tudor to the death of Essex, not "covering the ground," but in the manner of a searchlight, bringing out here and there a small tract of the past in vivid detail, and abruptly moving on. The general is conveyed by a minute insistence on the particular, an English or Welsh squire, an Irish chief or Spanish noble being selected, as it were, to represent his class. One of the author's main themes is the loss of England for Catholicism, and it is with this theme that the book opens. England on the death of Mary is shown as so prevailingly and quietly Catholic that it is hard to imagine how Protestant martyrs could have been produced there: and the real split with Rome does not take place till the excommunication of Elizabeth. From that moment, devotion to the throne began to identify itself with bitter opposition to the Papacy: national feeling was hardened by successive shocks, of which Father Mathew selects one of the earliest, the Babington Plot, with its Welsh repercussions. He holds the view, however, that though the immediate effects of the Pope's bull were unforeseen, it may none the less have saved the Catholic minority in England, prevented the few from drifting into conformity with all the rest. In Wales, indeed, the old religion was starved out—a starvation due to failure in the supply of missionary priests. This he attributes to the lack of any contact between the mediaeval Welsh and their co-religionists in other countries: and here again the question is studied in the concrete—in the career of the exiled Bishop Owen Lewis. There are several chapters on Spain's dealings with the Celtic peoples—the abortive Scottish project, and Sir Thomas Stukeley's years of touting for a commission against England. There are Irish scenes enough to have been expanded with profit into a whole book: the career of Desmond, the risings in the Pale, the conflict between permanent officials and English deputies, the wrecking of Spanish galleons on the Irish coast. There are chapters on piracy and gun-running, which hardly fall within the nominal subject of the book: and finally, there is a long and detailed study of Essex's disaster—his Welsh connection, his Irish governorship, the nature of his ascendancy at home—and then the Essex Rising itself, to close the century. Nor is this summary at all exhaustive. It is a great deal to attempt in less than 500 pages, especially with Father Mathew's double attachment to detail, the scientific and the picturesque.

Actually the "influence of the Celtic fringes" was, as this book makes obvious, very slight indeed. That "weakening and premediaeval system of life" had no power against the "new and strong centripetal forces" of Renaissance England. It may be

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that close contact between a primitive and a much more complex society is always, in some sense, harmful to both, but it cannot be supposed to affect both in anything like the same degree. In this case a conflict which was tragic to the Irish "savages" was merely somewhat exasperating to their Renaissance rulers. But the Irish in their hostility at least remained distinct. The Welsh, politically loyal and culturally rather less remote, were already subsiding into that dimness of aspect from which they have hardly since emerged. Even Father Mathew, with his intimate knowledge, has not been able to render them amenable to the picturesque method: somehow they slip through his fingers.

This method was, perhaps, the only one to bring out those differences of culture and background which it is Father Mathew's main object to insist upon: and it is most telling where the differences are greatest—that is, in the Irish chapters. But there is a point beyond which it ceases to be useful, and one may doubt how far the cut of a man's beard, or the shape of his nose, or the colour of his hair, really elucidates his historical position. One has a natural desire to visualise: but when we are told, for instance, that Sir William Stanley's surrender of Deventer lost him "that long old manor house in the black and white of Cheshire, the slender turret which rose above the roof line . . ." are we really any farther on? There is no short cut into an unfamiliar mind: and may not insistence on externals prevent rather than promote a deeper insight? Moreover, this care for the picturesque, united to the searchlight method with its inherent lack of continuity, has in the end another serious disadvantage: it lends an incurably static appearance to what ought to be seen as perpetual motion. All these are figures in a tapestry, calm and archaic, with no more than a two-dimensional aping of energy. The effect may be in part the tax on Father Mathew's long and conscientious immersion in his subject, but, with the accompanying ramification of detail—tendrils of allusion thrown out on every side—it makes his book rather difficult of approach by the general reader: there is, too, something foreign, something falsetto in the style. But the whole work is a treasure-house of minute facts and fascinating suggestions: it restores to the Elizabethan Era the richness and complexity of life.

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If Mr. Larg has done nothing else he has at least raised a new point in the old debate about the limits of biographical method. A vast amount of nonsense has been written about the so-called "new" biography. Lytton Strachey, who gets the main discredit of it, originated nothing; he merely took advantage of his rare wit to bring about a brilliant return to the old biographical tradition; and if his sense of the picturesque did lead him now and then to poeticise prosaic facts, he could plead that none of the old masters of the craft, not even Plutarch, is above suspicion in this respect. After all, provided the general intention is truthful, inaccuracy of detail is not of much account—may even be necessary to a truthful result. (This, of course, is a different thing from the impudence of men like Lockhart and Carlyle, who fabricated incidents and falsified documents in the name of piety.)

Heresy-hunting is as detestable in biography as it is in other activities of the spirit. There is no call to unchurch any but the obviously "bogus." The biographer must have at least the same latitude as the historian, who assembles facts, disentangles motives, and passes judgment as the spirit moves him. The only canons to be applied are, in the first place, candour, and, in the second, craftsmanship. Some are contemptuous of craftsmanship. History to Bishop Stubbs, and biography to the late-deceased D. A. Wilson, resolved themselves into documentary donkey-work that may be justly admired for its diligence, though its title to the strict candour it impliedly professes may not always be above question. Such people do not belong to the tradition, which is that history and biography are but branches of the ancient art of telling a story, and telling it as truly and vividly as one can. There are many ways of telling a story well. There are only two of telling it badly. One is incompetence. The other is perversity, and it is here that we encounter Mr. Larg.

Not long ago Mr. Larg wrote a little book on Ruskin that interested all who read it and delighted some. Continuing in the same field, he has now written what he modestly terms "a fragment of a biography" about Rossetti. It is a formidable fragment, almost on a Shandean scale of discursiveness, for at the end of its 90,000 words the hero is but thirty years of age and still on the threshold of his career. More than half the book is pervaded by Elizabeth Siddal, but the tragic marriage, not falling into Mr. Larg's plan, is summarily dealt with in a kind of postscript of a couple of pages. The opening chapters on Rossetti's ancestors are distinctly attractive, and one can easily forgive a certain amount of mincing affectation for the sake of a really vivacious family picture that recalls Butler's account of the Pontifex ancestry. It is when we leave old Gaetano Polidori, Professor Gabriele Rossetti and other matters of inducement and come to the main body of the document that our troubles begin.

A distinguished man of letters, meaning well no doubt, said of Mr. Larg's *Ruskin* that it "might be almost a novel by Virginia Woolf." The extent to which biography may legitimately follow the technique of the novel is a matter upon which opinions differ, but it is difficult, even on the most liberal view, to see how a function that deals largely, if not exclusively, in the material and external, can usefully adopt a novel technique that has been specially designed for the interpretation of spiritual values. In a short book that might almost be classed as an essay, it may just pass muster, but a full-length book on such lines ceases to be a biography and becomes a mere bewilderment. Thus in Mr. Larg's pages Rossetti, Hunt, Madox Brown, Millais, Elizabeth, are mercilessly reduced from substantial forms to dialectic processes. The only figure that has lucid intervals of objective humanity is curiously enough Ruskin.

The situation is aggravated by Mr. Larg's obsession for figurative language. It used to be said of the late Mr. Justice McCardie that he could not write even the definite article in a judgment without quoting an authority for it. In the same way Mr. Larg seems to think that even the plainest and most ordinary statement needs a metaphor or a simile to make it clear. Metaphor, simile, trope, trope, simile, metaphor crowd his pages in more than Meredithian profusion though with less than Meredithian ingenuity. Here is an instance taken at random:

> The devil and the deep sea. The devil of Protestantism, thwarting life and killing it, as Euphemia said it was killed in him, a devil walking abroad in the whalebone of this Ruskin and ringing hollow like a suit of armour in an auction room. And the deep sea to which he had hoped that Elizabeth's small skiff would bear him. Elizabeth claimed

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the sea, put off into it when she should be seeking a quiet cove. Worst of all she refused him as a passenger.

It is almost a relief to find occasional lapses into mere vulgar writing like this chapter opening :

> It was a stifling August. From the river a fetid stench wafted up to the windows of Chatham Place and made Rossetti wonder if he would be the next victim of the cholera. It was raging in Bloomsbury and Marylebone. Vans were busy daily removing the dead to the Middlesex Hospital amid crowds of terrified relatives. The police were acting as stretcher-bearers. Undertakers with their coffins seemed almost as numerous as the passers-by. There were coffins on the hearses, outside as well as in. Sometimes a coffin was perched on the top of a cab and the mourners travelled inside.

But even such shabby oases are few and far between, and we close Mr. Larg's book in the chastened mood of Mr. Tony Weller's charity-boy. It is a pity, for Mr. Larg has many gifts. Humour, it is true, is not one of them, but he has knowledge, industry, honesty, and an amount of insight that even his most strenuous efforts cannot wholly conceal. A tribute is due to his accuracy, although it does shake one's faith to find that he is capable of talking of a " divorce on the ground of nullity."

Donald Carswell

## HER WICKED UNCLES

**Royal Dukes.** By Roger Fulford. *Duckworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Probably nobody would recognise that the large picture of Benjamin West's which forms the frontispiece of this volume represents the family of King George III ; that this book is not a medley of tittle-tattle stories of all the Royal Dukes of England, but is a series of essays upon the six ducal sons of George III.

This is a strange by-path of history outrageously neglected. Queen Victoria is probably as responsible for this as anyone : she so infinitely preferred thinking of herself as a Coburg, and taking the advice of Uncle Leopold, that she forgot she was half a Hanoverian. She conveniently obliterated from her mind all her Royal uncles—the Wicked Uncles—because they were *wicked*. They had brains, all of them, personality, and were remarkable-looking men. Then again, their influence in their various spheres was not obvious, a fact that has made Mr. Fulford's task worth while, and has considerably discredited such writers as Lytton Strachey. If the diarists and recorders of the last century were Whigs then at least they might have paid their due to the Dukes of Clarence and Kent, who were Whigs for a great portion of their lives, and certainly to the Duke of Sussex, who was always a devoted Whig ; while the Tory historians of to-day could have given us portraits of the Dukes of York, Cumberland and Cambridge. Mr. Fulford is the first to break the silence (I myself hope to continue the work), and he has done so with admirable skill, his book being an invaluable note-book for future historians. His task has not been an easy one—as a glance at the bibliography will show, for the ground was difficult to break. My only complaint is that Mr. Fulford should have given us longer studies while he was about it.

The essence of a good biographer is to centre his study upon the principal aim of his subject's life, and Mr. Fulford has paid attention to this axiom. In the delightful Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, the builder of our modern army is well stressed ; his political influence over the Regent was certainly *nil*, less than the author thinks : that was Cumberland's job. Mr. Fulford's delineation of the Duke of Clarence, later William IV, is the only understanding portrait written of that eccentric man. Cumberland thought him mad, and tried to get Parliament to pass him by in favour of himself in the succession to George IV, a fact Mr. Fulford does not record. Had Cumberland been King his high Toryism might well have lost him his crown, and the throne have tottered in consequence ; although he kept his own throne of Hanover through all the European upheavals of '48, when even " Metternichean " dictums were blown to pieces. The portrait of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, whose highly modern ideas of how to live in splendour must have eclipsed even our present-day devices, shows us a strange figure, marred by brutality to his soldiers, a feature somewhat redeemed in Cumberland by the remarkable quality of his brain. Yet handsome, aristocratic, six-foot Cumberland, who lost his eye fighting for this country, earned for himself the distinction of being the most unpopular man in England. Sussex, the highly cultured Whig who was the forerunner of Liberalism ; and Cambridge, the youngest, and Viceroy of Hanover until Cumberland became King, make an amazing gallery.

They were no puppets, and are far removed from the bourgeois world we now live in. When they died Industrial England was upon us, and everything that that aristocratic, learned, gay and licentious world stood for was swept aside.

B. Van Thal

## A MAN'S MAN

**Richard Coeur-de-Lion.** By Clennell Wilkinson. *Peter Davies.* 5*s.*

In those jingo history lessons before the war, every schoolboy knew that Richard the Lion-hearted was a " good " king. It is difficult, even now, with such a nickname to believe that he was wholly bad. Yet, judged by the effects of his reign on the people he was supposed to govern, he must be ranked as one of the very worst. He spent four months only in his kingdom, and, as soon as he had left it, disorders broke out which continued, with little interruption, until the accession of John. He renewed the savage game laws of his great-grandfather. He exacted continuous and arbitrary levies of men and money for the prosecution of his foreign wars. And he believed that the interests of his English and Angevin subjects might best be served by a chivalrous and futile escapade to the Holy Land for the recovery of Jerusalem and the True Cross from the power of the Saracen. It is, therefore, purely sentimental to believe that Richard, who exhausted his people and kingdom for a decade and had nothing at the end to show for it but glory, was a " good " king. Yet this is the impression that Mr. Wilkinson, in a very able study, manages to convey to the reader.

That this should be so, is probably due to the fact that the author has ignored, to a great extent, the issues connected with Richard's kingship and concentrated on those aspects of his character which have made him a legend throughout Europe and the Near East. But this is not to be regretted in any way since he has succeeded in giving us an admirable, life-like portrait of a great man of action, and one that was typical of the age that produced him. He is careful to emphasise the point that Richard had a head on his shoulders, and that, however imprudent his


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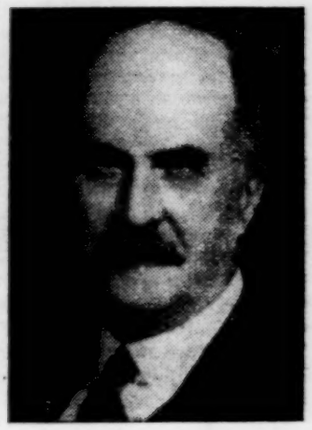

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schemes, he was not merely a romantic knight in quest of glory. He was prudent and practical in the planning of his campaigns; and in his negotiations with his fellow-crusader Philip, he proves himself to have been quite the equal of that wily monarch in all the subtleties of mediaeval intrigue.

> Whenever you get a great leader of men, a picturesque personality, such as Coeur-De-Lion (or Nelson), there is a tendency among dry-as-dust historians to classify him as a mere swashbuckler, an inspired platoon commander, and no more. But whenever you look into the causes of such a man's success, you find that he has prepared his plans even more carefully than his less temperamental rivals.

In the first place, Richard's fame rests not so much on his prowess in war (which is still, according to the author, a tradition in Cyprus), but on his mastery of its tactics. In offence and defence he was the greatest general of his time: as witness the march from Acre to Jaffa and his great keep of Chateau-Gaillard, near Rouen. In the second place, he will ever be remarkable for the perversity of his character. He was cruel and fearless, arrogant and generous, happiest when storming a castle at the head of his men or competing with troubadours at the singing of *gestes*, and a most wretched (one might have known this without the evidence) squire of dames. In fact, as Mr. Wilkinson has convincingly demonstrated, a man's man if ever there were one.

R. Strachey

## P. VANCE *v.* J. FRENCH
## SCORE—DEUCE

**The Kennel Murder Case.** By S. S. Van Dine. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
**The Hog's Back Mystery.** By Freeman Wills Crofts. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.
**Detective.** By Louis Joseph Vance. *Jarrolds.* 6s.
**Hangman's Holiday.** By Dorothy Sayers. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
**Death Comes at Night.** By Kenneth Ingram. *Philip Allan.* 7s. 6d.
**Ferrol Bond.** By John Easton. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.
**Death Rocks the Cradle.** By Paul Martens. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
**Big Ben Looks On.** By John Guildford. *Grayson and Grayson.* 7s. 6d.

In the world-ranking of detective story writers, Messrs. Van Dine and Wills Crofts must come very near the top—bracketed No. 2 perhaps, though on his day Mr. Van Dine can beat any one living, barring Mrs. Agatha Christie on *her* day. Mr. Wills Crofts, on the other hand, is the steadiest player of the game we have; he never tries for fireworks, but concentrates on keeping Inspector French in play, steadily returning every clue that comes along, and never going up to the net for fear of being passed down a side-line. Philo Vance, Mr. Van Dine's champion, adopts very different tactics. He is essentially a Centre Court performer, adored by the gallery for his reckless hitting and his picturesque attitudes. But he has more in him than mere brilliance, behind all the posturing he employs a sound technique based on psychological anticipation of the direction of the criminal's next move.

In the present match neither Mr. Wills Crofts nor Mr. Van Dine is quite at his best. In *The Hog's Back Mystery*, Inspector French has a long outing over 334 pages. Clue after clue has to be chased to the back-stop and retrieved with mechanical accuracy. The final reconstruction of the crime is ingenious—that goes without saying—and fairly sound, as sound as we expect to find a solution in these degenerate days, but must murderers in fiction invariably count on the most stupendous luck for carrying out their crimes—luck, which sadly deserts them the instant the deed is committed. Incidentally, I must warn all the *oficionados*, who will certainly have to read the book, to destroy the dust-cover unread. The publisher's blurb unpardonably gives away two important points of the solution.

Philo Vance has kept us waiting nearly three years for his reappearance in *The Kennel Murder Case*, but he has not changed a whit during his vacation. To his encyclopaedic knowledge of Chinese ceramics he has added some conservative ideas on the breeding of Scotch terriers, and we are treated to both at length in this book. Not that pots or dogs have really any bearing on the plot, but they provide Mr. Van Dine with his obligatory quota of footnotes. The story itself is worked out with the usual Van Dine polish. It is only in the character and identity of the criminal that we are left a trifle disappointed; Mr. Van Dine has done us better than this in the past, and I hope he will again in *The Dragon Murder* which we are promised.

There is another Vance at large investigating the American underworld—the author of *Detective*, Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, who must be relentlessly distinguished from Philo. Mr. L. J. Vance's present work would never find a place on Philo's eclectic shelves. The intention of *Detective* lies towards the thriller, but a lack of the surprises and quick changes that the thriller demands is not atoned for by a spate of gangster slang. Slang should only be applied to thrillers like a lipstick, in moderation and in the right place.

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers I rank fourth in the list of regular detective writers. She has every virtuosity of style, but is occasionally unsound in her plots. This volume of twelve short stories includes four Lord Peter Wimsey incidents and six vignettes of Miss Sayers' second string, a new amateur detective—Montague Egg, a whimsical wine-merchant. The stories make perfect reading for the tops of buses and suburban trains, for which they were, I imagine, originally intended since I have already met some of them in magazines. The statement on the dust cover that these are *new* stories should have been qualified to their present format.

*Death Comes At Night* is a simple little detective plot, shockingly padded out to make a full-length book. The *longueurs* of the conversations between the slow-witted detective, Osborne Keale, and Rudolph, his Doctor Watson, are alone enough to make the story unreadable. The basic idea of the crime is good enough, even if it has often been used before.

The last three items on the list are in the nature of adventure stories. *Ferrol Bond* is an Anglo-Indian's day dream, as he potters to the Club at Torquay. It describes how a retired Indian Civilian gets on the track of the Bengal Terrorists, while farming in Dorset, returns hot-foot to Calcutta, where his plans are impeded by the weak-kneed officials who have succeeded him out there, yet finally succeeds in shooting the Chief Terrorist (an Eurasian with a goitre—ugh!) *through* the actual goitre, and is rewarded by the hand of a sweet English *mem-sahib*, whom he has been wanting to marry for twenty years. *Death Rocks the Cradle* is not all an interesting fantasy of a fourth dimensional world in which a race of highly civilised vegetarians, instead of going to the cinema, take a refined sadistic pleasure in watching surgical operations on meat-eaters. The story is sufficiently confused to divert all sympathy from either party.

*Big Ben Looks On* claims to be a detective novel but I deny it. There is no semblance of reality about the crime or the characters. Only the back cloth of the murder at Westminster School shows traces of contact with solid objects, but even there some of the form-rooms have been wantonly mutilated. And what is the object of it all? Not an ingenious plot, for the solution is a crime in itself—not amusement, for there are no jokes. Can it possibly be romance? The tuck shop keeper has a pretty niece. No, on the whole it is more likely to be subtle Communist propaganda, striking a blow at the public school spirit.

Ralph Partridge

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**On Going Naked.** By Jan Gay. *Noel Douglas.* 7s. 6d.
**Nudism in England.** By The Rev. C. E. Norwood. *Noel Douglas.* 1s.

Those who witnessed the popularisation of the "safety" bicycle have memories of ladies in rational dress and bloomers. These pioneers have passed away and the girls crowding the roads in shorts, or thronging the suburbs in beach pyjamas, would stare, or turn away to hide a giggle, if the veterans who won their battle for freedom reappeared. Judging from these two books the unclothed human body is still in its bloomer period. Miss Jan Gay, who has a sense of humour, admits to having found the earnest nakedness of the Germans just a little tiresome. Every movement is embraced first of all by unsuitable people, and to the unaccustomed and over critical eye nudists have to be very carefully selected. But in a few years' time we may hope it will be as natural to put off one's clothes on suitable occasions as it is now for a girl to put on breeches when she is going to ride a horse or climb a mountain. Then it will no longer be a matter of conscience for nudists to romp round holding hands among the bracken—a plant the stems of which cut like knives and the fronds of which are always full of flies. The soles of the feet always need protection where there is a chance of broken glass, an eye-shade is wanted in hot sun and a cache-sexe is required if men are to play games with bat and ball or indulge in high diving. One of the great pleasures of going naked not mentioned here, is the delightful

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moment when one escapes from the rough wind and the brutal sun and slips back into one's trousers. *Nudism in England* is a serious little tract on the moral and psychological benefits of getting rid of the idea that the exposure of the naked body is indecent and the reverend author insists on the moral value of complete nudity in mixed society. A list of societies which provide facilities for sun-bathing is added. But the non-nudist will certainly believe that going about stark naked will always be more appropriate among groups of intimate friends occupied in bathing, surf-riding, or sailing canoes than in organised clubs.

D. G.

## EXPLORING THE WEST

**The Exploration of Western America, 1800–1850.** By E. W. Gilbert. *Cambridge University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The theme of this book is well chosen, for there is no other account in a single volume of the whole series of expeditions which opened up, in the first half of the last century, the vast area between the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific coast of North America. Mr. Gilbert has faithfully studied both the area and the printed authorities, and he writes clearly if not with distinction. But it is perhaps unfortunate that he has not been content simply to tell the story of what happened to Lewis and Clark, to the Fur-Traders, and to Frémont, Pike, Long and the other determined men who made their way across the great plains and the Rockies to the sea. Instead he has been at pains to work out a theory of the true function of historical geography. He may be right that that function is "systematically to reconstruct," in the light of modern geographical knowledge, "a given area as it appeared at a given period in the past." But this systematic reconstruction involves so elaborate a geographical analysis of Western America, of its regions of basin, range and plain, of its varieties of climate, vegetation, and animal life, of its natural drainage and so on, that it is only halfway through his book that the author arrives at the point at which he can describe the actual exploration. A number of quotations from the journals of the explorers is, it is true, included in Part I, for the idea of the geographical analysis is to combine an account of what these explorers might have and ought to have seen with what they actually did see. Thus we are told in the chapter on "Climate" that the snowfall on the Western flanks of the Sierra Nevada rises to an average of 31 to 44 feet, and that Frémont, as might have been expected, found drifts of 20 feet there in January, 1844. In the chapter on Animal Life, too, descriptions of the vast herds of bison seen by Clark and Cutlin, and of colonies of prairie marmots seen by Gregg are included, to show to what extent conditions have changed in the last hundred years. This means, however, that when at last the expeditions come to be described the account of them is not much more than a summary, and at the end of the book the reader is left wondering whether "reconstruction" would not have been more vivid and successful if it had been less "systematic."

## TECHNIQUE OF SOCIALISATION

**Socialisation and Transport.** By the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

As an administrator, Mr. Herbert Morrison was undoubtedly one of the most successful members of the Labour Government of 1929 and the following years. He knew his own mind and he was fully capable of standing up both to the Civil Servants associated with his department and to the various outside interests with which he had to deal. The London Passenger Transport Bill, for which he was responsible, had its faults, but these did not arise from any weakness of mind or indecision on Mr. Morrison's part. He had on many points to compromise with private interests in order to increase the chances of getting his measure through the House of Commons, but within the limits set by the necessity of compromise he was highly successful in producing a Bill which embodied the features which seemed to him desirable in any scheme for the socialisation of industry.

Mr. Morrison has now employed the leisure afforded him by the defeat of the Labour Government in writing a book in defence of his point of view. He has doubtless been prompted to do this largely by the somewhat heated discussions which took place last year at both the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party Conference in connection with his proposals for the socialisation not only of London transport but also of the national transport system and of electricity. Mr. Morrison fell foul of the Trade Unions, especially over the question of workers' control, and the Transport and General Workers' Union led an opposition to his schemes which resulted in the referring back of the sections dealing with this controversial subject. Broadly, the issue between Mr. Morrison and his critics is this. They want Trade Union representation on the governing bodies of socialised industries and services as an embodiment of the idea of workers' control; he, on the other hand, wishes to entrust the management of such services to public corporations administered by Boards selected solely on grounds of individual character and competence and not as representatives of any particular group or interest. In the present volume Mr. Morrison argues forcibly in favour of his point of view. He holds that if Trade Unions are to be given this form of representation it will be impossible to deny an equivalent right to many other special interests—local authorities, consumers, including the chief consuming industries, and even the private shareholders who are dispossessed by socialisation. He thinks, too, that representative bodies are likely neither to be efficient in the management of industry, nor in reality to satisfy the demand for workers' control; for he urges that, if a man is appointed to be the full-time administrator of an industry, he cannot really and effectively serve at the same time as a representative of his Trade Union, or of any other body or interest. Workers' control, Mr. Morrison thinks, ought to begin at the bottom, in the workshops, with a sort of amplified Whitleyism, for it is mainly in the detailed problems of workshop management that the interest of the rank and file workers lies. On the other hand, certain of the Trade Unions interested in schemes of socialisation demand at least half the seats on the Board of Management for representatives of the workers in the industry, and some go further and urge that the entire administration ought before long to be handed over to the workers, organised in a National Guild.

This is, of course, not the only controversial question which arises in connection with schemes of socialisation. Many Socialists are strongly suspicious of the idea of entrusting the management of socialised services to public corporations rather than placing it directly in the hands of the State, on the ground that this is merely a dodge designed to prevent any effective political control, or the co-ordination of the various socialised industries in accordance with the requirements of a general Socialist economic plan. Mr. Morrison holds that final political control must be preserved, but that in the day-to-day management of the various industries the directors of the public corporations which he proposes to set up should have full independence of action. The Minister should appoint and have power to dismiss, but he should have no right of detailed interference. It is difficult to see how in practice the mere power of appointment and dismissal could secure the sort of co-ordinated control in connection with a general economic plan which Mr. Morrison in the concluding chapters of his book seems to envisage, though it might work quite well as long as socialisation was confined to one or two isolated industries. Clearly there is a real clash of view here between those who are thinking in terms of a planned economy under the control of the Socialist Government, and those who are aiming merely at the unification of certain particular services in which it is admitted that competition is undesirable and some sort of public monopoly has to be set up. Mr. Morrison seems to argue in favour of the London Passenger Transport Bill on the second of these assumptions, but to base his conclusions about socialisation in general rather on the former.

An interesting section of the book is devoted to a discussion of the methods of compensating the owners of socialised industries. Mr. Morrison rules out the retention by the previous owners of any sort of normal control over the industry or of any representation upon its governing body. For he says that the object must be a complete transference from private to public ownership. But he also excludes, save in special cases, the payment of compensation in cash to the private shareholders, on the ground that this would involve difficult and needless transactions by the State in raising fresh loans upon the money market. He therefore favours compensation in the form of stock with claims to dividend secured upon the future earnings of the socialised undertaking; and he is prepared to accept the plan actually adopted in the London Passenger Transport Bill, both in providing for the dividend varying within fairly narrow limits according to the actual earnings of the undertaking from year to year, and the provision that if certain minimum dividends are not earned, the former owners of the industry shall have the power to apply for the appointment of a receiver, who will thereupon, presumably, take the manage-

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ment of the service into his hands on their behalf. This last provision at least seems to be inconsistent with socialisation in any full sense; for it does in effect recognise a continuing right of ownership over the industry by the private shareholders. No similar objection seems to apply to the giving to the new stock of a form resembling, in the feature of variable dividends, equities rather than debentures in private business, for there is nothing sacrosanct about the principle so far observed that public obligations should always bear interest at a fixed rate.

Mr. Morrison's book covers many other questions besides those which have been selected for discussion in this review. Though a large part of it is devoted to a discussion of the particular issues which arose in connection with the London Passenger Transport Bill, it is in its conception a general statement of the case for the socialisation of industry through a system of public corporations, autonomous in day-to-day management, though under some loose form of public control by the Ministers at the head of the various industrial departments of State. Mr. Morrison, with his habitual assurance, dismisses somewhat cavalierly the suggestions of other Socialists who do not agree with his point of view; indeed, he refrains from mentioning or discussing what has been advocated by other Socialist writers, and confines himself for the most part to a presentation of his own point of view. Within these limits his book is clearly and forcibly written. It will certainly not command general agreement either among members of the Labour Party or elsewhere; but it will considerably clarify the issues which are due to come up for discussion again this autumn at the Labour Party Conference and at the Trades Union Congress.

## A FORGOTTEN FAVOURITE

**Granville the Polite.** By Elizabeth Handasyde. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this skilful life of Granville has two points to make about him which might justify her undertaking. The first is that his poetry is interesting because it reveals the taste of the age which acclaimed it, and because it illustrates the conditions under which other poets wrote. The second is that he was a man of some political importance, whose popularity and whose failure alike depended upon his being the "lingering representative of an earlier age."

Unfortunately, there is so much mediocrity embalmed in even the best Augustan poetry that examples from the lesser lights are seldom either entertaining or instructive. It is enough of a compliment to Granville, who wrote two bad plays, desecrated *The Merchant of Venice*, and accomplished a number of trifling songs, that his writings are almost forgotten. Miss Handasyde finds some of his songs "delicate" or "charming," but has to admit that on the whole he was a dull writer, lacked poetic fire, and burdened the ear with monotonous rhythms. The fact that his contemporaries admired his work so much is explained by Dr. Johnson: "The public sometimes has its favourites, whom it rewards for one species of excellence with the honours due to another." And anyone who has endured a few pages of Granville will not take exception to his dictum that "his works do not show him to have had much comprehension from nature, or illumination from learning."

To speculate on the cut of Granville's historical clothes is more worth while. As a young man, he had gone into retirement after the Revolution, although his loyalist family were still influential, since their head, the Earl of Bath, had declared for William. Granville went into politics only under Anne. Then, as the possessor of a powerful interest in Cornwall, and the friend of St. John and of Harley, he rose to be Secretary at War. In the Tory coup of 1711 he was made a peer. He made no contribution to English politics, although he was competent in office. Ejected after the Hanoverian succession (for which, nevertheless, he had voted), he was soon arrested for his Jacobite activities, and eventually took refuge in France. For a time he was one of the Triumvirate who ruled James' affairs from Paris. But the vanities and inefficiencies of the party led him to quarrel with James. Through the offices of his wife he made his peace with the English Court, and lived out his remaining years in inconspicuous favour.

If the incidents in his life had been more picturesque, or his own character more striking, Miss Handasyde might have made Granville the symbol of a dispossessed generation. She does compare the older Granvilles, who preferred "the concrete reality of their almost royal authority in Cornwall to the most glittering dependence at Court," and George, whose immortality would depend, he thought, upon the titles and emoluments he might bequeath his heir. In the transition between these two conceptions lies the history of a spiritual revolution. But Granville was not enough conscious of his position, his chauvinism was too uncritical, for him to mark the change. Therefore this biography, though it raises interesting questions, does not even direct us to an answer; and we can only praise the author for her careful performance of an ungrateful task.

L. Stapleton

## THE WORLD'S KEY INDUSTRY

**A Short History of the World's Shipping industry.** By C. E. Fayle. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This very readable and attractively produced book is the first to cover this ground since Lindsay's history of merchant shipping, written some sixty years ago. In an admirable Foreword Sir Alan Anderson emphasises that in spite of all the differences in outlook, time, and climate the shipowners have always been very much what they are to-day, remarkably businesslike and matter of fact.

If the reader is tempted to think Mr. Fayle unduly patriotic because he has devoted half of his book to the British mercantile marine, it must be remembered that he is writing for English readers, and that since the decline of the Dutch in the seventeenth century the carrying trade of the world has largely been done under the red ensign, and that Britain set the pace which has been followed by the rest of the world.

The psychology of human beings has changed since the word for a stranger and an enemy was the same, and the old idea of the sea as separating nations is dead. To-day it is a road bringing them together.

Since the earliest records, there have been many changes in the things which men and women want brought to them from other countries. Before refrigeration and the fairly universal use of soap, people required spices and perfumes to conceal the unpalatableness of their food and the smell of the unwashed human body; and as these came from the East *via* the Mediterranean, the carrying trade was largely in the hands of the Venetians and Genoese.

As the importance of carrying food and drink was realised, the centre of the carrying trade shifted north and the discovery of America stimulating first of all the Spanish and the Portuguese, soon excited the cupidity of the French and English. The story of how the bulk of this trade ultimately accrued to this country and the various shifts employed at different times to acquire and extend it, is told here with "a surprising amount of the detail which is the sauce of any story."

That part which deals with the later history of the British mercantile marine makes good reading. Mr. Fayle points out that since the war British shipping has been called upon to fight hard in order to maintain its supremacy, and that much of the competition to which it is subjected is lavishly aided by foreign Governments. In this connection the author writes:

> Although the general principle of the Navigation Acts had broken down abroad as well as in Great Britain, many countries reserved their coasting trade to their own ships, and some of them, notably France, Russia, and the United States, extended the definition of "coasting trade" to include traffic with distant possessions, so that a voyage from Odessa to Vladivostok, from Marseilles to Saigon, or from New York to Honolulu would be covered by the reservation. Apart from this, direct encouragement to national shipping was given in all sorts of ways, such as shipbuilding bounties on tonnage constructed, navigation bounties on mileage run, repayment of Suez Canal dues, the imposition of differential dues on goods carried in foreign ships, and the grant of special rates on State Railways for goods to be shipped in national vessels.

The reader will find a note on how the technique of shipowning has been fundamentally altered by telegraph and wireless, and some explanation of the difference between tramps and liners, with the vigorously discussed but really quite simple system of Conferences. As the seas of the world get better charted and aids to navigation are improved, seafaring may become less of an adventure, but that element can never be entirely eliminated until the sea itself becomes a good deal less uncertain that it is at present.

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Handsome is, handsome does; and these things are a parable. For perhaps the most distinct attraction in the present book is its agreeableness, its handsomeness if you will—a kind of mellow aura which is hard to resist. There is plenty of material. A man who was Newcastle medallist at Eton and took three Firsts (Mods, Greats, and Theology) at Oxford, who was joint warden of the Ancoats Settlement at Manchester during part of its most notable period, who was an assistant master at Charterhouse for fourteen years, and who has been headmaster of University College School for sixteen, can hardly have failed to come into touch with, and preserve significant memories of, a great many memorable people. Mr. Kendall has indeed been even more fortunate in that respect than he might have been. Both Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery appear in the earlier part of his story; and in the middle period there are his close friendships with Arthur Clutton-Brock and the Leonard Huxley family, and his contacts with journalism and literature through the old green *Westminster Gazette* and Sir Fabian Ware's Liberalised *Morning Post*. Add that he is something of a poet, paints in oils, understands music, and is linguist as well as scholar, and you have ingredients for a sufficiently varied outlook. But what holds it all together is the note of personal charm in his clear descriptions and frank but unmalicious judgments.

Of course, the centre of his interests is education. Schoolmastering is for many a profession which ossifies the mind; but Mr. Kendall has kept his elastic and eager, still asking the questions which routine is apt to stifle without answering. A bullying preparatory school; Eton (which is almost wholly *sui generis*); the Manchester Grammar School (where he taught a class while at Ancoats); a term at a dreadful "minor" public school (where the cane ruled and the boys' bodies, as seen by him at the bathing-place, were practically all black and blue); Charterhouse under Rendall (when its bias was certainly rather more Philistine and "gamey" than that of most public schools of its standing); and lastly University College School (in many ways a very favourable example of dayboy education)—such are his experiences. He touches on the usual questions—morals, discipline, religion, psychology, parents, and so forth; but the main problem, which he has never tired of exploring, is the weakness of English schools on the side of intellectual results. In relation, at least, to the majority of the boys—the 90 per cent.—this weakness can scarcely be denied. One may put it down partly to curriculum, partly to methods; and Mr. Kendall has experimented constantly with both. Unfortunately the tyranny of the Matriculation certificate sets severe limits to the reform of curriculum; yet he has been able to enlarge very considerably the opportunities at his school for art, music, drama, manual crafts, modern languages, and, above all, for that truest door to nearly all intellectual growth—efficient reading and writing in the mother tongue. Method is perhaps less disabled from reform; and Mr. Kendall has always and early studied each new plan—Montessori, Dalton, or whatever it might be—as it came along. But here, too, the head of the Matriculation examiner lies heavy.

In the end he confesses to feeling "a profound dissatisfaction with what is being done in our schools generally." For "those who learn primarily through their hands"—i.e., the majority—he does not want to lengthen schooling on academic lines, but rather to see new forms of apprenticeship—"the school should follow into the factory, not merely stop outside and wait for the end of the working day." But for those who do take a secondary school course he made some years back an attractive suggestion that the curriculum, instead of taking the shape of a pyramid beginning with a very wide basis and tapering off to a point, might with advantage resemble an hour-glass, with a broad base and top and a waist in the middle.

That is, a child must early begin by learning elementarily many subjects; he must next concentrate on one or two of those which interest him most; but there is a third stage when, as his mind expands, his interests should expand also, and he should be enabled to escape becoming too narrow a specialist. It is this last stage which the present system ignores; it is there that it particularly injures the cleverer boys. No full reform can be achieved while the Matriculation incubus blocks the way. But even under its shadow Mr. Kendall claims to have attained something.

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it has been used in this book with admirable effect. Mr. Brown does not lay down the law about things which the visitor cannot adequately investigate, and he writes neither as an economist nor a propagandist. His book is full of common sense: it is shrewd, amusing and balanced. Hebe Spaull's account of youth in Russia is apparently based on a very fair amount of observation of Soviet education. The book is simply and pleasantly written, the photographs are good, and there are interesting records of conversations with "pioneers" and teachers.

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**Lawn Sleeves.** By The Reverend J. C. HARDWICK. *Blackwell.* 5s.

This short biographical essay on Samuel Wilberforce should satisfy both those who want to learn something about him and those who have read the big three-volume life and will be amused by a witty and incisive comment on a remarkable career. Readers of Mr. Hardwick's other books will again find the same caustic wit and the utter contempt for all things human and for anything which is not quite divine. Mr. Hardwick does not very much like Wilberforce, but admits that there was a touch of genius in a man who rebuilt the Church of England on the ruins of the Oxford Movement and gave it another century of busy life. Wilberforce's support of the episcopacy against the appointment of Dr. Hampden to Hereford lost, Mr. Hardwick thinks, his translation to Canterbury in 1846, and the opportunity never quite occurred again. This is to the credit of the Bishop. Less to his credit is his embarking on the affair without first reading the *Bampton Lectures* and deciding for himself whether they were heretical. As it was, by abandoning a position he had hastily taken up, he quarrelled equally with the Whigs and the Prelates. Similarly he attacked *Essays and Reviews* violently in the *Quarterly* without reading them: and we may perceive now that *Essays and Reviews*, by admitting the validity of scientific research, started a wise and liberal policy, which enabled countless thousands of people to remain within the Christian communion. The career of Wilberforce was useful, funny and painful, and Mr. Hardwick makes the most of all three qualities. A very good book.


# A Story

CRASHING—tearing—leaping its way through the thick growth that it was intended to destroy, stopping only where the growth is too thick and resists all its efforts to break through—ripping and tearing great gashes in the surface as it passes—sliding over the top where the growth bends under its onslaught—slashing—slipping—crashing its way to freedom, leaving a ragged trail behind, to arrive at its destination worn, tired and entirely unfit for any further service.

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# About Motoring

## MORE ABOUT ROAD ACCIDENTS

THE National Safety First Association deserves the warm gratitude alike of all road users and humanitarians for its painstaking researches into the causation of accidents. It has just published the results of a short inquiry into 3,029 fatal smashes which occurred during the last six months of 1932. From its analysis one fact of enormous value emerges quite clearly. Forty per cent. of the accidents between a pair of vehicles occurred at road junctions. In 1931 there were 3,224 fatal accidents ascribed to collisions between two or more vehicles. If it were possible to eliminate collisions between vehicles at road junctions approximately 1,900 lives per annum would be saved. Under existing law nobody possesses any prior right of way at a road junction. It is often imagined that if a Rolls is proceeding up the Great North Road, and passes the debouchment of a narrow lane leading up to Giles' farm, the Rolls has priority, and Farmer Giles debouches into the main road at his own risk. No such law exists in this country. Giles is as fully entitled to debouch into the Great North Road as the Rolls is entitled to cross the end of the farm lane. In a fiercely contested suit it is conceivable that on most factors a crash involving the Rolls and Farmer Giles might be credited to both parties equally, and that a clever lawyer might contrive to saddle Giles in the eyes of a judge or jury with the greater "contributory negligence" of the pair, since Giles knows the ground, and is aware that the Great North Road carries an enormous weight of rather rapid traffic; whereas the Rolls chauffeur would probably be completely ignorant that the farm existed, and might not be able to see the lane early, if the time for hedge-cutting was near. Other nations are less casual in their handling of road junctions. In some countries one is required to give way to traffic approaching from the right, a rule which confers added safety on open crossings with good visibility, and tends to locate responsibility at blind crossings. In certain American States drivers on subsidiary roads are required to bring their cars to a standstill before debouching on to a road of superior status. In Britain four cars can arrive simultaneously at a point where four roads meet, and bluff each other for priority. There has been a mild agitation for many years in the direction of grading all our roads in order of importance, and allotting a definite priority at all crossings to traffic on the superior roads; but this agitation has never been pressed to the point of a decision, or placed any new rule on the statute book. The objections to such a decision are stated to be (*a*) cost; (*b*) the difficulty of determining which

# ECONOMISTS' TOUR TO U.S.S.R.

On Saturday, July 15, a group of economists leaves London on a 24-day trip under the leadership of Dr. M. Miller of Liverpool University to study conditions in the U.S.S.R. Dr. Miller, who has made an intensive study of the subject, is particularly well equipped to lead the party, having visited the country several times recently and having a good knowledge of the language.
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road is "superior" in many instances; (*c*) the danger of encouraging any driver to drive casually over crossings. Since it is obvious that a change in the law would save upwards of a thousand lives per annum, these alleged objections demand strict analysis. The "cost" problem is trivial, compared with a substantial saving of life. I have frequently urged that the road problem will only yield to a number of individually small reforms; and here is one which promises to reduce the death roll by 10 or 15 per cent. per annum. My local surveyor noticed that a series of nasty smashes had occurred at a certain blind junction in his area, which at that date was safeguarded only by the word "SLOW" painted on the tarmac in large yellow letters. Eighteen months ago he altered the legend to "DEAD SLOW" on all four approaches, and the smashes ceased instantly. He adopted a similar procedure at eleven crossings in the borough with equally gratifying results; and the total cost is too small to be estimated—perhaps half-a-dozen extra pounds of paint, plus an extra half man-day. Obviously, if the legend "DEAD SLOW" were freely used all over England, with no law behind it, our old experience with the red triangle warning would be repeated. Originally we encountered half-a-dozen red triangles in a day's run, and trembled all over as we braked hard. Ere long their number swelled to legion, and everybody blinded happily past them. But if Parliament adopted, for example, the American principle, identified certain roads at every junction as subsidiary, ordered every driver on such roads to stop dead before crossing the superior or main road, and for a year or so inflicted a substantial penalty on all offenders, collisions at cross roads would practically cease. The cost cannot easily be estimated. The signals would have to be readily discernible by night or day; and the cost would certainly tot up to a good round sum. It could be distributed between local authorities, the Road Fund, and private motoring associations. It would be money better spent than if it were devoted to road repairs. The second alleged objection is sheer humbug. In the vast majority of cases the superior road identifies itself to the meanest intelligence. Where two important roads cross nobody will suffer as the result of an arbitrary decision. If we glance at a map of England on which all important roads are marked in red we might find that the Great North Road shared junctions with perhaps six roads of equal national importance. If we gave the Great North Road priority at all six junctions nobody would be a penny the worse. But as we are a fair-minded rather than a dictatorial nation, we should probably give the Great North Road priority at three of the junctions, and priority would go to the other roads at the remaining sandwiched junctions; and so on. There is one petty practical problem in this connection which is simple to solve. On certain roads on certain days the traffic is almost continuous—*e.g.*, on the London-Brighton road on Sundays. Such junctions obviously require either a human controller, in the shape of a constable, or an R.A.C. or A.A. scout (most of them are thus controlled at all busy hours already); or, alternatively, a robot signaller, preferably fitted with time dials on the German pattern, and perhaps set to give five minutes' priority to the main road for each minute of priority given to the side road. The third objection is childish. We are not concerned with that ease of mind which a driver enjoys when he knows he has a clear road; we are concerned with life and death; and if all crossings are so organised that every driver knows that he must stop dead and mind his step, or that he has a clear road, the question of mental ease is irrelevant. More should be heard of this scheme. R. E. DAVIDSON


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# Playtime

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

### PROBLEM 21.—THE FIVE OFFICERS

In Rifle Row live five officers; they are, respectively, a Brigadier, a Colonel, a Major, a Captain and a Lieutenant, and their names (not necessarily respectively) are Grenade, Howitzer, Mustardgas, Tank, and Vereylight. Each of them has one sister and one only, and each is married to a sister of one of the other officers. One at least of the brothers-in-law of Mustardgas is superior in rank to the latter.

The following particulars of service are available. The Captain did not serve in Gallipoli. Both brothers-in-law of Howitzer have served in France, as have both brothers-in-law of Tank, but neither brother-in-law of the Brigadier. Tank has served in Palestine, as have both his brothers-in-law; the Lieutenant has not. The Colonel has served in China, as have both his brothers-in-law. Tank has served in China; as has one only of his brothers-in-law. The Brigadier has not served in China; but has served with both his brothers-in-law in Gallipoli. Vereylight has not served either in Gallipoli or in Palestine.

*What is the name of each of the five officers?*

### PROBLEM 19.—THE BOATING PICNIC

Jones' companions were:
Before lunch: Mrs. Robinson and Miss Brown.
After lunch: Mrs. Smith and Miss Robinson.
After tea: Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith.

### PROBLEM 18.—THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DERELICT'S

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to: A. L. Jones, Hotel Terminus, Montreux, Switzerland.

There were 69 correct and 23 incorrect solutions.

Some solvers were misled (sorry!) by my reference last week to "the nearest try." This did not mean (as the above figures show) that no one solved the problem correctly. I used the term "try" in the chess-problem sense, as meaning a plausible, but incorrect, solution.

On the cumulative-point basis, *eight* points are awarded for this problem.

According to my records, several solvers are now eligible for book-prizes. I have only received two claims so far; I shall be glad to furnish particulars to anyone who does not know his score.

### PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication. CALIBAN

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| "Scottish Apartments Guide" (3d.) | "The Holiday Handbook" |
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# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE GOLD CLAUSE AND THE GOLD HOARDERS—A GERMAN TRANSFER MORATORIUM—BOOTS AND TOBACCO SECURITIES TRUST

On the day after we had written in this column: "Foreign Governments with depreciated currencies have so far honoured their U.S. gold obligations—at least up to the time of absolute default," the German Finance Minister informed the Bank for International Settlements that Germany proposed to ignore the "gold clause" of the 5½ per cent. "Young" Loan in paying the June 1st coupons. The Bank for International Settlements has refused to recognise this technical default, but it will make not the slightest difference. The "gold clause" of the American *tranche* of the German 7 per cent. "Dawes" loan is also being repudiated. It is only a matter of time before all other gold clauses "go west," including those of the Australian Government and United Kingdom 5½ per cent. dollar bonds. When a great creditor country like the United States sets the fashion, debtor countries, great and small, will follow. Some determined bondholders may seek to establish in the American courts that the Federal Government has no power to break the American Constitution, which contains some attempt at a gold clause, but they will waste their money. In a world debt crisis it is absurd to deny debtors the relief obtained by a rise in prices which follows upon the depreciation of their currency in terms of gold. Insistence on the gold clause would not only insult them: it would injure them to the extent of having to pay the premium on gold over and above the "mint parity" price. The gold-hoarders' scramble for gold is the cause of this extra premium. London banks are continuously receiving orders from abroad to buy gold in the London market and to accept gold for safe custody which is arriving daily in the Continental aeroplanes. The gold clause is really being killed by the gold hoarders. The following conversation heard in New York gives the popular American view. Question: "Was it (the gold clause) written in plain English?" Answer: "That's what the newspapers say, but I guess it was just like the clauses in life insurance policies—nobody reads 'em until it is too late to win the argument."

* * *

The German default on gold is of more than technical significance. A complete "transfer moratorium" is threatened. The Reichsbank has invited to a conference in Berlin on May 26th all the "Standstill" committees and all the financial sponsors and agents of German loans in order to discuss "transfer problems." On several occasions in this column we have warned investors to expect (1) German Governments of every complexion to refuse to pay foreign debtors more than the export surplus will allow (2) a Nazi Government to refuse to pay "extortionately" high rates of interest to foreign bankers (all bankers being Jews in Nazi eyes). Dr. Schacht, President of the Reichsbank, who is not famous for a sense of humour, is reported to have made a mordant joke in a wireless message from mid-Atlantic. "We intend," he said, "to protect our creditors in every respect. No moratorium for the payment in *marks* will be demanded. The sole problem is to convert the marks into foreign currencies." In other words, Germany will not repudiate: she will pay in marks, in a blocked account at the Reichsbank, the interest due to her foreign creditors. But what if the German Government borrows the marks from the blocked account (as the Hungarian Government has borrowed from its blocked pengoes in order to balance its budget), or, later on, depreciates the marks by an internal inflation after the American pattern? This, of course, will be a domestic matter with which the foreign creditors of Germany have no concern. Dr. Schacht will have preserved the rules of financial decency in the true constitutional spirit of the Nazi revolution! No doubt Dr. Schacht will say to his Nazi friends on his return from America: "Keep quiet about Jew bankers and extortionate rates of interest. Leave this debt problem to me. I will get you off paying anything at all."

* * *

A report is current—and has been quoted in responsible financial newspapers as coming from a German source—that in the event of a transfer moratorium being sanctioned the German Government intends to use the marks paid into the foreign bondholders' blocked account for the purpose of financing the Labour Conscription Service on the ground that the half-million extra men employed on the land will reduce the imports of foodstuffs and improve the foreign balance. This will hardly appeal to the foreign bondholders, especially if they have little sympathy with German social experiments or with the Junker estates of East Prussia which will benefit from the plan. A transfer moratorium should only be agreed to if the figures of the export balance justify it. Here are the German imports and exports for the past five months:

| Period. | | Retained Imports. | Domestic Exports. | Export Surplus. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | (Millions of Reichsmarks.) | | |
| 1932. | Total .. .. .. | 4,666 | 5,739 | 1,073 |
| 1933. | January .. .. | 368 | 390 | 22 |
| | February .. .. | 347 | 374 | 27 |
| | March.. .. .. | 362 | 426 | 64 |
| | April .. .. .. | 321 | 382 | 61 |

The interest on the German external debt required last year about Rm. 1,000 millions. Allowing for some reduction in the interest charge this year and for the repayment of certain foreign credits, Germany may want this year only about Rm. 900 millions or Rm. 75 millions a month. The foreign trade figures for the first four months, if they are to be believed, would support Germany's claim to some reduction in her external interest payments, but would certainly not justify a complete transfer moratorium. We may add that the interest on the German 7 per cent. "Dawes" Loan is approximately Rm. 47 millions a year and on the 5½ per cent. "Young" Loan Rm. 120 millions. That the German Government has ample resources to meet the coupons on these two loans is certain. The market, however, is thoroughly nervous, as the following record will show:

| | 1932. | | 1933. | Prices, 1933. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | High. | Low. | High. | May 15th. | May 16th. | May 17th. | Current Yield %. |
| German 7% (Dawes).. | 94⅜ | 52½ | 100 | 61 | 65½ | 63 | 11.1 |
| German 5½% (Young) | 86½ | 39¼ | 92 | 47½ | 52 | 49½ | 11.1 |
| German 7% Potash .. | 113¼ | 58 | 113 | 78½ | 77½ | 77 | 9.1 |

We doubt whether the German 7 per cent. Potash could be excluded from a transfer moratorium in spite of the fact that its service is met from the sterling proceeds of the sales of potash.

* * *

The investor who has been deterred from buying Boots Pure Drug shares at £7¼ because control has returned to British hands at a cost of only £6 5*s*. 9*d*. per share should seek consolation in a purchase of Tobacco Securities Trust ordinary stock. The Tobacco Securities Trust, of which Mr. Reginald McKenna is chairman and Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen vice-chairman, headed the group which bought 1,000,000 of the 1,250,000 shares of Boots Pure Drug held by the American Drug Incorporated. The deal was done through the exercise of a purchase option in dollars—the depreciation of the dollar reducing the sterling price. The Tobacco Securities Trust has placed these 1,000,000 shares of Boots among British banks, insurance companies, investment trusts and selected brokers at £6¾ per share, thus netting a profit of nearly £500,000, the bulk of which must accrue to Tobacco Securities Trust. The Treasury intervened to stop the previous Boots deal (which was at a purchase price of £7¼), because it involved a foreign issue at a time when the £ was weak in terms of dollars (at 3.35). Because Tobacco Securities Trust has placed this issue privately, no official permission apparently has been sought, although the deal has involved an export of capital which was the cause of the previous Treasury ban. The present market price and yield returnable on Tobacco Securities Trust ordinary stock is as follows:

| | Approx. Price. | Year ending Oct. 31st, 1932. Paid %. | Earned %. | Approx. Yield %. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tobacco Securities Trust, £1 ord. | 4⅜ | 17½ | 17.7 | £4 2*s*. 1*d*. on 17½% div. |

Tobacco Securities Trust was formed in 1928 to acquire shares in the associated and subsidiary companies of British American Tobacco and to carry on the business of an investment trust and finance company. The holdings of the company are never disclosed except that it has 47 per cent. of the issued capital of the Tobacco Insurance Company. The investments stand in the balance-sheet at £3,912,000 and advances at £1,462,000. The issued share capital is £4,000,000 in ordinary and £875,000 in deferred stock. After the handsome profit on the Boots deal the company ought to give its shareholders a bonus. The lucky directors of the company have the right for a period of five years to subscribe for 500,000 deferred shares of 5*s*. at par—now valued at 20*s*.

## COMPANY MEETING

# DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED

## SUBSTANTIAL ADVANCE IN PROFITS
## RESUMPTION OF DIVIDENDS
## EFFICIENCY OF THE ORGANISATION

The 34th ordinary general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on Friday, May 12, in London.

The Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.C.B. (the Chairman), in the course of his speech, said: Last year I gave reasons why we believed that 1932 would show an improvement in results over 1931, the year of the crisis. We said this because we thought that it was our duty in the crisis to tell you that we felt that your ship was not driving on to the rocks, but was making headway, and was in a sound and seaworthy condition. That was no mere burst of optimism in a world which was bewildered by crises and catastrophes fast succeeding each other—it was because economies realised and in process had been so great, provisions for losses had been so fully made, and with our improved control we felt we ought to risk a prophecy. We have, in fact, over the last three or four years made a revolutionary change in our organisation, which I am glad to tell you has given us very satisfactory improvement in each of the five groups into which we divide the activities of the Company. That is a result in which we may take legitimate pride, because it was planned for, worked for, foreseen, and foretold to you.

### Improved Results

General conditions are still uncertain and depressed, but, even so, rigid economy, excellence of quality, a loyal staff in all grades, and good service in salesmanship can still make profits. I think you will agree that the Dunlop Rubber Company and its subsidiary and associated companies are passing through these difficult years extremely well.

The net profit for 1932 is £380,000 above the profit for the previous year, and, provision for taxation being £82,000 less, there is a total improvement for the year of £462,000. There has been a charge out of profits in respect of depreciation and obsolescence of £561,000, which is £342,000 in excess of the charge for the previous year. We have carried out a thorough investigation of the whole of our plant, and have revised our depreciation estimates upwards, and over and above that we have provided £200,000 for obsolescence. With our reorganisation, we have adopted a policy of concentrating operations in a smaller number of units, which can thus work up to a higher pitch of efficiency. This and corresponding reorganisation throughout the world have largely accounted for the improved results shown. The profit realised on exchange during 1932, together with profits arising from the sale of investments, totalling in all to £339,000, has been reserved and deducted from the item "shares in subsidiary companies." It is a real and genuine pleasure to the directors to recommend a dividend, and the pleasure would have been greater had it been possible to recommend a larger dividend, but it is essential to be very conservative in view of the difficulty of the present time.

During 1933 the whole of the second mortgage debentures and a mortgage of £140,000 will have been paid off, amounting to £1,435,000. The redemption of these liabilities will reduce the interest charges by £85,000 in a full year. The ratio of current assets to current liabilities is 5½ to 1, and liquid assets have increased by £1,659,000. I am sure you will all feel that the increased liquid strength is one of the most satisfactory features in the balance-sheet.

### The Year's Operations

First of all, let me remind you that an international company like ours, trading in practically all countries in the world, feels, in a way that a purely national concern does not feel, the chaos in the monetary conditions of the world. The crisis through which we are passing has raised problems in connection with our activities and organisation which were new and extremely difficult of solution.

On the manufacturing side, at home and abroad, as I have told you, we have endeavoured to economise by concentration of our production and also by the introduction of improved manufacturing methods.

Our selling organisation throughout the world has been overhauled, and is still being overhauled, and the system of financial control which I told you about last year has been strengthened throughout the organisation.

As illustrative of our tyre excellence, I would like to mention the wonderful record and past records made by Sir Malcolm Campbell. After his recent successful attempt, when, under most trying conditions, he attained the truly amazing speed of 272 miles per hour (and he always uses Dunlop tyres), Sir Malcolm referred to our tyres as the most wonderful tyres ever made—a tribute of which the Company may well be proud. Our records of success continue to grow. Practically every world record has been achieved on Dunlop tyres, and our successes this season already are remarkable—on Saturday last for the gruelling race at Brooklands for the International Trophy every competitor used Dunlop tyres.

It is not only in the automative and bicycle industry that we are applying the principle of pneumatic tyres. We have produced a pneumatic tyre for farm carts which we feel has quite a future. On the aeroplane side we are also expanding rapidly, and our tyres and wheels and our own patent aeroplane brake have been well received. In the export field the results obtained in the tyre division have been particularly satisfactory in view of the severe competition.

We are steadily increasing the range of Dunlop-branded articles, and here, as in our tyre business, our trade goodwill is to-day remarkably strong and is becoming stronger. The Company has registered many successes with its products in the sports world, in which it continues to occupy a prominent position. The quality of our sports goods is generally accepted as being of the highest.

The volume of the company's output in footwear has surpassed expectations, but profits have been considerably affected by competition from the Far East, and in the case of Japan by the heavy depreciation of the Yen.

The duties hitherto in force were quite insufficient, but I am glad to say they have recently been increased, and we believe that the new rates of duty should give an efficient manufacturer a fair chance to withstand this competition.

The duties should not only give a permanent aid to employment in the footwear industry, but should benefit the Lancashire cotton industry from which the whole of our cotton supplies are drawn.

As regards garments, our sales have been satisfactory, but the very low level of prices has again affected trading results. During 1932 we have reorganised the garment manufacture, and we are confident that we have now put it upon a footing where it will be a satisfactory asset to the company.

### Latex Processes

I have more than once spoken of your Company's interest in certain patent processes for direct manufacture from the latex or milk of the rubber tree, instead of turning the latex into sheet and then shipping it home to be broken down by costly heavy machinery and processes. I am glad to say that this latex development is increasing very satisfactorily. As manufacturers we are applying the new process to an ever-widening range of products. We have made satisfactory progress in the latex field generally.

With regard to Dunlop plantations, I have no doubt that, with our new areas added to our old and with our steadily improving organisation, we will soon be producing at considerably below 2d. per pound f.o.b. Singapore. I look to a very considerable reduction—viz., nearly 1d. per pound—in the crop from our bud-grafted areas, with their greater yield.

As to Dunlop Cotton Mills, although there has been a slight decrease in 1932 in the sales to home associated companies, there was an increase in export sales. A satisfactory profit was realised and a dividend paid on the ordinary shares, the whole of which are held by the parent company.

### Overseas Associated Factories

Our associated companies in France, Germany, and Japan maintained their positions surprisingly well in spite of the disturbed conditions. In France the new wheel works commenced operations at the beginning of the year and have made great progress. They should prove to be of substantial benefit to the French company.

As you know, Australia through resolute Government action has made a remarkably quick recovery after the crisis of 1931-32, and this improvement in the economic situation is reflected in the position of the Dunlop Perdriau Company, in which we are largely interested.

In Canada, as you will be aware, conditions continue to be most difficult, and in consequence a loss has been incurred by the Canadian company, but the reorganisation of this company, which I referred to last year, has now been completed, and with the return of normal conditions we anticipate greatly improved results.

The position of the American company has, of course, been adversely affected by the very unfortunate conditions which have prevailed in that country since the middle of last year, and a substantial loss was incurred. The factory in Buffalo has effected considerable economies, and we anticipate that improved results will be realised during 1933, but real progress is not possible until a return to normal conditions.

### The Outlook

As to the conditions of trade, there has been a definite improvement in the United Kingdom; there has been an improvement in our foreign export trade; there has been a very definite improvement in trade with our Dominions, but, so far as the world at large is concerned, the beginning of 1933 finds conditions apparently as confused and difficult as ever. None the less, I can say that for the current year the results of our operations are satisfactory compared with the corresponding period of the year under review. I think there is reason, in the absence of unforeseen circumstances, to look for continued improvement in your own Company's affairs.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a dividend of 4 per cent. on the ordinary stock was declared.

## COMPANY MEETING

# EAGLE, STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE CO., LTD.

## INCREASED PROFITS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Presiding at the annual general meeting of the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, held on Thursday, May 11, Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., J.P., in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that both their report and balance-sheet were undoubtedly very good, increased profits having been shown in all departments—with the exception of a slight decline in the Accident.

In the Life section new policies, numbering 2,404, were issued for sums assured of £2,294,431 gross. A year ago they had written off the sum of £155,921 from the value of the assets of the current Life Assurance and Annuity Funds, which then represented the market price on December 31, 1931. He stated that, upon a re-valuation of the Stock Exchange securities on December 31 last, an appreciation was shown very much in excess of that amount, a position which should be encouraging to "with-profit" policy holders.

In the Fire Department the premium income amounted to £796,005, a decrease of £37,391 compared with last year. Home business continued to expand, whilst, with the exception of North America, their general foreign income was well maintained. The incurred loss ratio to earned profits, which was 53 per cent. in 1930 and 51 per cent. in 1931, fell to 49 per cent. last year. The profit was £20,880, compared with £11,595 in the previous year. They had added £25,000 to the additional reserve, thereby raising it to £100,000.

Their General Insurance business department showed eminently satisfactory results, the total premiums during the year amounting to £373,374, and the sum of £79,466 had been transferred to Profit and Loss Account.

In the Motor Department the income amounted to £994,445, showing a trifling decrease as compared with 1931.

In the Marine Department their income was again lower, due to the policy of cutting out business as it became unprofitable. He was pleased to say they had made a profit in the department for the last three years. That profit was left in the Fund, which to-day amounted to £443,243, an amount that was considerably in excess of what was required.

### PROFIT AND LOSS

Turning to the Profit and Loss Account, it would be seen that the total net interest amounted to £146,721, which exceeded the net normal cost of the year's dividends on all classes of shares by some £8,187. The amount credited to Profit and Loss from the various trading departments was £156,711, in addition to which a profit of £20,018 had been realised from the sale of investments. Taking this, with the net interest income just referred to, they had a total income from all sources of £323,450.

After providing for various items of expenditure not charged to other accounts, and transferring an additional reserve of £25,000 to the Fire Account, the balance remaining was sufficient to provide the dividends at the rate of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, 6 per cent. on the Preference, and 10 per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary shares. These various items amounted to £264,455, and left a net amount to be carried forward of £131,782, which was an increase of £58,995 over last year's carry forward.

Referring to the proposed increase of capital, he said the Directors thought it would be in the interests of the company to take advantage of present financial conditions to increase their Preference share issue to £1,000,000 on a 4 per cent. basis. The Directors, who were the largest holders of every class of their shares, were unanimously of opinion that the issue would be for the benefit of all classes of shareholders, as good use could be made of the increased capital, not only from an investment point of view, but also as the means of securing the extension of their business in various desirable directions. Their Company had always been in a very strong financial position, and the additional capital would still further enhance the prestige which it enjoyed. When the capital rearrangements had been carried into effect the paid-up capital would amount to £1,970,895, whilst their General Reserve Fund stood at £1,250,000. In addition, they had an uncalled capital of £1,905,529, making a grand total of £5,126,424.

He had pleasure in informing the shareholders that the business for the new year had opened exceedingly well, and the confidence and goodwill of the insuring public was manifested by the ever-increasing inquiry which they had for quotations for practically every known risk.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted. The retiring Directors having been re-elected and the Auditors re-appointed, the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Directors, officials, and the staff.


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**May 27**

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## COMPANY MEETING

# BRITISH MATCH CORPORATION

### SIR GEORGE PATON'S ADDRESS

The Sixth Ordinary General Meeting of the British Match Corporation, Ltd., was held on Wednesday at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.

SIR GEORGE PATON (chairman), presiding, said (in part):—The world-wide acute trade depression under which we met at this time last year has not yet shown any real sign of abating, although there are one or two silver linings to be seen among the clouds. We are all very hopeful that the World Economic Conference, which is to assemble in London next month, will result in a more rational system of trading between nations. As I view the economic situation, with which is closely allied the unemployment problem with all its misery and enormous cost, it will never be cleared up until we do something more than continue to live off one another. We must develop the vast resources of Canada, Australia, Brazil, and other undeveloped spaces—our young people must go out into the world, as their forefathers did, and not stop at home looking for jobs that do not exist. The productive power of every country is now so great that we hardly require one another (tariffs or no tariffs). The capacity to produce, so enormously increased during the War, has been rendered largely useless by the stoppage or reduction of armaments, and this affects enormously our basic industries of coal, iron, and steel.

Industrial undertakings all over the world continue to experience great difficulties, particularly companies like your own, with subsidiaries trading in various markets of the world.

I trust you will agree that the results which have been achieved under such conditions are very satisfactory.

The net revenue at £418,632 12s. 7d. is lower by £23,964, largely, if not entirely, owing to the unsatisfactory conditions prevailing in Brazil. The sum of £54,185, against £94,789, brought forward from last account gives £472,818 7s. 5d., and, after deducting interim dividends, leaves an available amount of £338,240 4s. 11d.

The directors recommend: To write off for goodwill, etc., £40,000; the payment of the half-year's Preference dividend at 5½ per cent., less tax, £11,361 9s. 5d.; a final dividend of 4 per cent., free of tax, making 6 per cent., free of tax, for the year on the Ordinary shares, £247,500; a total of £298,861 9s. 5d., leaving an amount of £39,378 15s. 6d. to be carried forward to next account.

I have already referred to Brazil. Excessive taxation, as I told you last year, was killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Last year we received only a small dividend from Bryant and May (Brazil), this year we have had to go without one. The exchange position is "frozen"—as also it is in the Argentine.

Last year I was forced to refer to the Kreuger debacle which had startled the world, inflicting heavy losses on many innocent people. I am pleased to tell you that up to the present such arrangements have been made whereby the Swedish Match Company, as a manufacturing and trading concern, apart entirely from high finance, has been able to continue its trading operations under entirely new and efficient management, and to implement all its obligations to us.

I have referred several times to-day to the excessive taxation which industry has to meet all over the world, and which, if not abated somewhat, will ultimately strangle private enterprise. Investors, as many of them are already doing, are putting their savings into gilt-edged securities or hoarding the gold in a stocking. I have taken out the figures of the amounts of taxes, rates, import duties, sales taxes, Excise and Customs duties, national health and unemployment insurance licences, etc., paid by this corporation through its subsidiary and associated companies, and find that it exceeds £5,000,000 per annum. We are literally tax collectors.

Before putting the resolution the chairman paid a tribute to the loyalty and zeal of the staff. The resolution was carried unanimously.

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**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,**
**Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.**


## COMPANY MEETING

# MARKS & SPENCER LIMITED

### FURTHER REMARKABLE PROGRESS

### DIVIDEND AND BONUS MAINTAINED STRONG RESERVE POSITION

### GREAT EXPANSION IN CHAIN OF STORES

### MR. SIMON MARKS' COMMENTARY

The seventh annual general meeting of Marks and Spencer, Ltd., was held on Wednesday last in London.

Mr. Simon Marks (chairman and managing director), in the course of his speech dealt with the following points: The profits for the past year amounted to £816,758, an increase of £146,641 on the previous year. The large increase in profits was due to the increased sales, economies in administration and new stores operating during the year.

#### ALLOCATION OF PROFITS

The net profit of £816,758, after deducting £140,871 for income tax, left a balance of £675,887, which, together with £53,402 brought forward, made £729,289 available for distribution. After providing for dividends already paid there was left an available balance of £536,443, which the directors recommended should be appropriated as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Properties Contingency Reserve | £25,000 |
| General Reserve Account | £237,846 |
| Payment of a final dividend of 25 per cent. on the ordinary and "A" ordinary shares for the year | £219,615 |
| Carry forward | £53,982 |

#### ISSUE ON BONUS TERMS

A distribution by way of bonus to the holders of the existing ordinary and "A" ordinary shares in the proportion of one in ten was recommended.

#### RESERVES

After providing for the allocation of £87,846 in payment of the "A" shares to be allotted by way of bonus, the general reserve account would amount to £570,000, and the properties contingency reserve would be brought up to £52,213.

#### PROPERTIES

Freehold, leasehold and leased properties stood at £3,866,296, a net increase of £364,463, and furniture and fixtures amounted to £458,857.

#### CONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME AND FUTURE DEVELOPMENT

The company operated a chain of 162 stores in important towns throughout the country. During the financial year ending 31st March, 1933, thirty-one new stores were opened and important extensions made to six existing branches in the larger towns. The building programme for the year 1933-34 embraced altogether thirty-six new stores or major extensions to existing stores.

#### ASSISTANCE TO UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

Employment was given to about 10,000 assistants, increased by at least 33⅓ per cent. at the busy period. In addition it was estimated that considerably over 15,000 people were employed on producing merchandise for Marks and Spencer, Limited.

The chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of the final dividend recommended.

Mr. I. M. Sieff, B.Com. (Vice-chairman and Assistant managing director) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.


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## TRAINING CENTRES

DAVIES'S, 5 Sussex Place, W.2. Padd. 3351/2. F.O., CONSULAR, HOME CIVIL, I.C.S., TAXES. Revision Courses from June 26th. VERNON DAVIES, assisted by over 40 tutors, has obtained 145 successes since 1927.

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THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten, and Junior School methods was opened in September. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the newer schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. There will also be short courses for parents, school matrons, and others interested. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years, and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus, apply SECRETARY.

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THE MOUNT, MILL HILL, N.W.7. Day-Boarding and weekly boarding school. Girls 4—18. Modified Dalton plan. High country surroundings. Gymnasium, swimming-pool. Private 'bus from Highgate and Golders Green daily. Miss MACGREGOR, B.A., Lond.

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HEADMISTRESS:
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Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books. Individual attention. Special attention to health and diet. Three leaving Scholarships tenable any University.

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## LECTURES & MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A course of three Lectures on "THE EXCAVATIONS AT EPHESUS" will be given by PROFESSOR ADOLF DEISSMANN (Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin), at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on MAY 22nd, 23rd and 24th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by the Rev. A. E. Garvie, M.A., D.D., D.Th. (Principal of Hackney and New College, Hampstead).

A LECTURE on "L'ETUDIANT A PARIS A TRAVERS LES AGES" will be given (in French) by MONSIEUR S. CHARLÉTY (Rector of the University of Paris) at THE INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION (Southampton Row, W.C.2) on MONDAY, MAY 29th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Mr. H. Wickham Steed.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.
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SUNDAY EVENINGS AT 6.15.

May 21st. MR. HY. S. L. POLAK: (Recently returned from India). "THE INDIAN SITUATION TO-DAY."
„ 28th. PROF. J. C. FLUGEL, B.A., D.Sc.: "SYMBOLISM OF CLOTHES."
June 11th. MR. ALBERT C. WHITE: "CHURCH REVENUES AND NATIONAL WELFARE."
„ 18th. MRS. M. L. SEATON-TIEDEMAN: (Divorce Law Reform Union). "DIVORCE AS IT MIGHT BE."
„ 25th. DR. L. S. STEBBING, M.A., D.LITT.: "ETHICAL RELATIVITY."

Addresses followed by Discussion. All Seats Free.

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Applicants must have had experience in every Department of a Public Library worked by the open-access system, including Children's Departments, and hold Certificates of having passed Examinations of the Library Association.
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The successful applicant will be required to reside within the Borough.
Applications, stating age, qualifications and Library Association Certificates held, accompanied by copies of two testimonials, and endorsed "Librarian" to reach me not later than first post on 29th May, 1933.
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Borough Librarian.

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Applications are invited for the conjoint office of Warden of the University (Men's) Settlement and of the David Lewis Club, Liverpool. *Salary £400 per annum, with occupation of a Residential service flat free of rent and rates. Free lighting and heating.*
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Five copies of a letter of application giving a statement of the candidate's career and experience, copy of one recent testimonial, and the names of three references, should be received by the HONORARY SECRETARY, University Settlement, Nile St., Liverpool, by June 9th.

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